

GIFTED CHILDREN VERNA TOMASSON

THE

NATION

DECEMBER 24, 1973

50 cents

Growing Up With Detroit



Coleman A. Young
STREET WISE
AND CANNY

REMER TYSON

Damon Keith
JUDGE ON THE
FIRING LINE

WILLIAM GRANT



Watergate Undertow
SOS from the Republican Right
Jeffrey Bell



Nancy Goldner
LINCOLN KIRSTEIN'S 'THE NEW YORK CITY BALLET'

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LETTERS

no more fires

Bethany, Conn.

DEAR SIRs: *The Nation* described the Nixon crowd as "ideological extremists" or "nuts." Very apt, but does the man in the street get the full meaning of what has happened? . . . The press speaks of the attack on the electoral process, the destruction of the opposition party. These concepts are understandable to those who use them, but do they reach the average voter? Words having a meaning for the average voter are Nazism, fascism, dictatorship. . . .

Watergate, if successful, might have imposed an American brand of Nazism. In Hitler's rise to power, his group did not have control of Germany. To unite the German people behind them, the Nazis used the fire in the Reichstag set by the Nazi storm troopers. . . . The Nazis "established" that the enemy was within the gates. . . . This is what Nixon's "best and brightest" were engineering. In order to establish themselves in power they first captured the machinery of the Republican Party; second, they set out to destroy the opposition which happened to be the Democratic Party. . . . They then would say the outside enemy was within the gates. . . . Was Watergate our Reichstag?

What must the average American do? First, recognize the danger. Second, recognize just as clearly that our salvation lies in our own Constitution. . . . Winston Churchill said, "Democracy is the worst form of government, except for the alternatives." Let us pressure our Representatives, back up our free press and television, and make the "worst form of government" functional and better. *Jacob Podoloff*

disease of the spirit

Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

DEAR SIRs: Ms. Cheryl Walker, writing on Adrienne Rich [*The Nation*, Oct. 8] takes me to task for managing, in an article I wrote on the poet, "to discuss Rich's work at length without ever dealing with the importance of feminism for this poet." Ms. Walker's is the kind of swinging journalism which is so deeply caught up in the orthodoxies of its predictable "line" that it renounces not only proper attention to the poetry it is to serve but to imagination itself. Now I challenge Ms. Walker to show me one reference to feminism in any of Ms. Rich's first six books (the seventh had not been published when I wrote my essay, as both ladies knew). In fact, I knew very well that Ms. Rich had become involved in the radical feminist movement, a fact I considered neither inspiring nor melancholy in itself. What I objected to in my essay was . . . the degree to which Ms. Rich's poetry has been violated by ideas to which she is committed. . . .

In the sense that radical feminists sometimes insist upon what cannot reasonably be expected to pass without injuring women and men alike, they participate in a pathology of current life which I described as "the lust to be contemporary. . . ." [It is] a disease of the spirit in which men and women deliberately shut their eyes to whatever is decent and authoritative in the past on behalf of an experimental life, one committed to novelty, aimless self-expression and liberation to randomness. I recommend to Ms. Walker, and to readers of *The Nation*, a careful scrutiny of Philip Rieff's new book *Fellow Teachers* (Harper & Row) for a searching examination of this phenomenon.

Robert Boyers

self-management

DEAR SIRs: The first National Conference on Workers' Self-Management will be held Jan. 12-13, 1974, at Boston, Mass. Details on the conference and information on participation and discussion papers can be obtained by writing the conference director, Ms. Mary Van Sell, 196 Erie Street, Apt. 2, Cambridge, Mass. 02139. The conference will center on

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EDITORIALS

Richard's Million

The voluminous data which the President has released on his financial affairs make fascinating reading, i.e., if read with some care. To be specific one must pay close attention both to the figures and to what the President has to say about them. For there is some slight danger that the sheer bulk of the documentation may induce the public to conclude that the President has now made a "full disclosure," when in fact he has once again raised more questions than he has answered.

In an earlier "disclosure" the President released the summary of an audit made of his affairs by the firm of Coopers & Lybrand. The summary failed to touch on the troublesome issue of whether a capital gain accrued on the intricate San Clemente transaction. Later we learned that Coopers & Lybrand, by way of safeguarding its professional standing, had pointed out in a footnote not reproduced in the summary that the President may have realized a taxable \$117,379 in capital gain on the sale of a portion of the estate. This circumstance accounts, of course, for the fact that the public was given only a summary of the audit. So the capital gain is very much alive and awaits definitive resolution.

On the equally intriguing matter of the gift of his Vice Presidential papers, a diligent press has turned up the information—after the latest data were released—that the President also deducted \$80,000 on a gift to National Archives of his Congressional papers, a fact not publicly known before. This gift was made after the November 1968 election and at the suggestion, so we are told, of President Johnson, which accounts for the fact that it occurred so late in the year—December 30. But we had been told that President Johnson's suggestion was made later, at the time of the gift of the Vice Presidential papers. So a new question has been raised about the 1968 gift of Congressional papers, while the earlier question of whether title to the Vice Presidential papers was legally conveyed to Archives before the cutoff date of July 25, 1969 has yet to be resolved. Indeed we now know that more than a year ago some White House lawyers realized that this gift might be illegal.

But such considerations fail to get at the real point about the gift of papers to National Archives, which is that there is no law whatsoever to sanction such gifts. M.B. Schnapper, editor of the Public Affairs Press in Washington, D.C., has devoted much study to this matter. It is his conclusion that the only directly relevant statute, Public Law 373, based on a joint resolution of Congress passed on August 12, 1955, simply states that GSA is authorized to accept for deposit the papers of any President or former President or any other official or former official of the government, and other papers relating to and contemporary with any President or former President. It does not state or imply that such papers constitute private property. In fact many Presidents—Schnapper cites a long list—have deposited their papers with no financial benefit to themselves. It was this very shaky, if not spurious, basis for the claim that such papers con-

stitute private property that finally induced Congress to prohibit tax deductions for such gifts after July 25, 1969. President Nixon was well aware of this background when he attempted to make—but probably failed to make—a legal gift of his Vice Presidential papers, which had been valued at \$576,000. So now the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation will review the President's data and determine whether the gift was properly made and, in the process, audit his returns. Such a scrutiny will be helpful, but the arrangement is a bit odd. Why has the IRS, which had spotted the President's returns for 1970 and 1971 as requiring further scrutiny, not taken action on its own initiative, so that the various tax issues involving the President's returns could be tested in the courts, which would seem to be the proper forum?

Also we now know that the President has failed to file state income tax returns in California. This "disclosure" is indeed mind-boggling. These unpaid state taxes would constitute a sizable sum; perhaps \$64,000 on an income of \$200,000. It will be recalled that the President, with much fanfare, resumed legal residence in California, purchased his San Clemente estate, furnished it from private and public funds, and registered as a California voter. Members of the California Congressional delegation file state income tax returns, as indeed they must. Like the President, their temporary domicile for part of the year is in Washington, D.C., but they do not cease to be legal residents of California. A statute specifically exempts members of the Congress and the President from payment of District of Columbia income taxes, which in itself indicates that such persons must pay state income taxes if they reside in states that levy such a tax. President Kennedy paid state income taxes in Massachusetts. President Johnson did not pay them in Texas because that state does not levy them. William M. Bennett, a member of the State Franchise Board in California—a consistently fine public servant—has expressed his amazement that the President has paid no California income taxes and will ask the board to inquire into the matter. And, not surprisingly, we now know that Mr. Nixon's tax advisers did not consult state officials about a possible liability. "Neither the President nor anyone identified as representing him, has initiated any contact with us," reports Martin Huff, executive officer of the California Franchise Board. "Furthermore, we have issued no ruling in regard to the tax status of the President." So here again we have a representation made by the President or on his behalf which turns out not to be true.

But beneath the narrow legal issues is a larger concern. A President is supposed to be not merely the political and constitutional leader but the moral leader of the nation. What kind of example has President Nixon set the nation in the matter of his tax returns? A mere avoidance of criminality, as Senator Packwood explained to him in a face-to-face encounter, is not enough. The fact is that the President has taken advantage of every conceivable deduction, including not merely large deductions of dubious legality for papers but \$1.24 for interest payments to Garfinkel's Department Store in Washington, D.C. He has kept nearly half of the \$50,000 expense allowance provided by the taxpayers for miscellaneous

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official obligations and has taken depreciation on personally owned White House furniture.

But one must be fair with the President. By his deplorable example he has probably stimulated the demand for tax reform and a renewed effort to close existing tax loopholes which the rich continue to enjoy at the expense of the poor. And it must be conceded that, having liquidated the "war against poverty" which his predecessor initiated, Mr. Nixon has gone on to win his own personal war against poverty. He is now a millionaire. That should, but won't, quiet those intense feelings of personal economic insecurity which have haunted him throughout his career. Nor should he feel too distressed if he has to pay some additional taxes. If, as promised, he gives San Clemente to the government, he can probably obtain a substantial income tax deduction—as much as \$77,000, some estimate—while he and Mrs. Nixon live out their post-Watergate years in this Southern California fake mission-baroque mansion, surrounded by all the accouterments and gadgets, including the golf course donated by his friends.

Pete Brennan Goes West

In a manly effort to pull his Chief out of the slough of despond, Secretary of Labor Peter J. Brennan invaded the wilds of Montana, somewhat like a movie star on tour to resuscitate a lousy picture. The Brennan expedition was part of Operation Candor, the latest effort to get the citizenry to stop wallowing in Watergate and allow President Nixon to get on with the vital processes of government. The tour, according to the Scripps-Howard News Service, was arranged by Montana's Western district Congressman, Dick Shoup, a Republican.

When the going gets tough, the tough get going, but this favorite maxim of the Nixon troops does not seem to have impressed Representative Shoup. He was to have accompanied the Secretary on the salvage operation, but reports from Montana made it clear that his labor constituents would be displeased if he did not stay in Washington to attend a House committee meeting. "Peter Brennan is nothing more than a shill for Richard Nixon," said Owen McNally, president of the Anaconda Trades Council. The reaction of Francis M. Celli, president of the Billings central labor body, to the arrival of Secretary Brennan in Montana was even less kind: "A Nixon Administration effort to make labor a cat's-paw in refurbishing the tarnished image of the President." "A Judas goat," snorted Thomas Tracey, head of the Butte Trades and Labor Council, when Brennan was mentioned.

Another contretemps involved the Butte Vocational-Technical School, which Shoup had asked to throw a luncheon party for the visiting celebrity. The local unit of the American Federation of Teachers threatened to walk out if Brennan came near the vocational school. He had not asked for it, but they were teaching him. If the luncheon was held in defiance of the teachers, the Women's Protective Union, which represents waitresses, threatened not to serve the Secretary.

Undeterred, the Secretary arrived and found friends among the Montana Teamsters. He, or one of his bodyguards, conveyed the impression that if labor would rally

behind him, \$400,000 in federal funds might become available for a couple of local manpower projects. Tracey, a former state Senator, far from being mollified, called the tentative offer "the most callous piece of political blackmail I've ever encountered in my many years." In an effort to pour oil on the raging waters, another unionist summed up the situation: "The position of the guys was that while they'd like to have the 400 grand they weren't going to prostitute themselves to get it."

The Billings Chamber of Commerce was more hospitable and a delegation in blue blazers met the Secretary at the airport, but a dinner that night had to be cut back from 220 places to eighty and, according to one source, only five labor people were present. When Brennan visited the local labor headquarters with the Chamber of Commerce delegation and a photographer who accompanied him on his tour, there wasn't much to photograph. According to the reporter, only two or three people were there to greet him.

A tough lot, these Montanans. It does not look as if Mr. Nixon can get much help in those parts. Maybe Mr. Brennan had better follow Mr. Shoup's example and stay in Washington, where at least he won't be called a Judas goat.

'Freedom of Emigration'

The Trade Reform Act of 1973 will probably have cleared the House by the time this issue appears and will then go to the Senate where the Administration hopes to kill the so-called Jackson amendment which would deny "most favored nation" benefits to Russia and other Communist-bloc countries unless they permit virtually unrestricted Jewish emigration. The Jackson amendment, which would in effect bargain trade concessions for human rights, more specifically "freedom of emigration," cannot be dismissed out of hand, despite the problems it presents. Modern communications, travel and exchanges of all kinds are tending to spread the notion of world community, so that people in the West are naturally interested and concerned with what happens to poets in Iran, novelists in Turkey, scientists and intellectuals in the USSR and those who seek political asylum in some nation other than the one in which they reside.

But if we are going to attempt the use of trade concessions to win relaxation of various restrictions on human rights, including the right of emigration, we should take a careful look at the specifics of the problem as well as the principles involved. Some of the principles are embodied in the Declaration of Human Rights adopted at the U.N. on December 10, 1948, the anniversary of which is now being observed. The declaration is only a statement of principles, but in 1966 the U.N. General Assembly tried to strengthen it by adopting two covenants intended to be binding on the signatories. One covenant deals with economic and social rights, the other with civil and political rights. So far only twenty-three nations have ratified the covenants, the United States not among them; we have signed but not ratified. The Soviets have both signed and ratified. It is said that the Soviets did so, in part at least, in the hope of quieting international concern over its treatment of minorities and

dissidents. It is also said that an escape clause could be used by the Soviets to protect some current restrictions in the name of "national security." Whatever their motives, the Soviets have signed and ratified the two covenants, and that should provide a certain leverage for those who seek to bring about a relaxation of current restrictions or negations of human rights in the USSR.

But on the specific "freedom" in question, the right of Jews to leave the USSR, it should be noted that the Russians are allowing Jews to leave for Israel at the rate of 36,000 a year; no new restrictions were imposed during the Yom Kippur war or since, and the total number of emigrants for 1973 will exceed the number for 1972. Contrast, then, the attitude shown by the junta in Chile toward those who seek exit permits, including a large number of political refugees from other Latin American countries who were caught in Chile. In this instance, American influence could be decisive if Washington cared to exercise it. But the behavior of U.S. Embassy officials in Chile is in sharp contrast with that of Harald Edelstam, the courageous Swedish Ambassador who, after being kicked and otherwise physically abused by arrogant junta officers, has now been booted out of the country. He had been doing his best to save some of the political refugees who have been knocking on the doors of various embassies, and Sweden was one of the first nations to announce that it would accept its quota of refugees.

We would have a much stronger case in negotiations with the Soviets if we insisted on the principle of "freedom of emigration" in the case of Chile and, for that matter, of other dictatorial regimes that are beholden to Washington for economic aid and armaments. If we are not to appear hypocritical in this burgeoning controversy over human rights, then we should adopt toward Chile measures Sen. Edward Kennedy advocated back in September: that our government show real concern over the violence and repression, make strong representations to the junta on behalf of those who need protection and those who seek to exercise "the right of emigration," provide asylum and resettlement for a reasonable number (as Sweden has done) and assist voluntary agencies that are working toward these ends.

The Run-Run-Runaway Shop

For reasons that remain obscure, President Nixon reached into Litton Industries for Roy L. Ash as his director of the Office of Management and Budget, one of the most important posts in the government. There has been plenty of criticism of both Ash and Litton, a big defense contractor that is constantly in hot water with the Navy. To cite only a single instance, Adm. Hyman G. Rickover charges that Litton engaged in "misrepresentation, if not fraud," in pressing a claim for \$37 million in cost overruns on three nuclear submarines built by its Ingalls Shipbuilding Division in Pascagoula, Miss. *Business Week* refers to Litton as "the dethroned king of the conglomerates," largely built by Ash. Sen. William Saxbe, now Attorney General-designate, thought Ash unfit for the OMB job because a scandal would develop sooner or later over Litton's defense performance.

One is reluctant to add to Litton's sins the timeless

phenomenon of the runaway shop, traditionally associated with the garment trades' pursuit of cheap labor, but under Ash's presidency Litton joined some 325 "satellite" plants, many of them in Baja California. The attraction is that, just across the border, there is an inexhaustible supply of unemployed young women who will work for almost any wages an employer cares to offer. The employer ships to Mexico, duty-free, manufactured components for assembly and finishing. A corrupt company can then add to its profit on cheap labor by understating the value added by the assembly operation and thus evade a large part of the customs duty.

A Litton subsidiary (it has more than 100), Litton Systems, Inc. and its Memory Products Division, together with four officials, were recently indicted for alleged conspiracy, and 120 counts of fraud, in connection with such a scheme. All pleaded not guilty. The work was done at a plant in Tijuana, some 20 miles south of San Diego. The lost customs revenue was set by the U.S. Attorney in San Diego at \$216,000, which on the basis of 10 per cent duty would account for more than \$2 million in added value in this single instance.

The reason for pointing the finger at Litton is that it does so much work for DOD and, contrary to the usual practice, a criminal charge is involved. Overall, runaway shop operations amount to enormous sums; in the Mexican-American sector alone one U.S. company is reported to have made a settlement of \$3 million on evaded customs duty. Assembly work is also done in Singapore, Hong Kong and Taiwan, and to a lesser extent in West Germany and Canada. The market value of the products involved is estimated at \$2.5 billion annually. Thus, in its current form the runaway shop is an international phenomenon, flourishing in parallel with the multinational corporation.

Now that Mr. Ash is one of the most important personages in the Administration, perhaps he can be persuaded to tell Congress and the public what he thinks about runaway shops and the remorseless pursuit of cheap labor by the conglomerates and multinationals.

Osmond K. Fraenkel

The New York Civil Liberties Union and the American Civil Liberties Union honored Osmond K. Fraenkel on his 85th birthday by throwing a party for him at the Waldorf-Astoria. Down the years, Mr. Fraenkel has been the lawyer other lawyers turned to when a critical civil liberties issue was before the United States Supreme Court; he has himself argued some twenty-six cases before the Court. Among other admirable qualities, Fraenkel is a wise and patient man; he has never permitted the aberrations of left-wing enthusiasts to bar him from defending them—when they most needed expert counsel.

On the same evening that Fraenkel's birthday was being celebrated at the Waldorf, Leonard Boudin was being honored by the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee at the Americana. If there is a virtue in competition, it is exemplified in the friendly rivalry these two organizations display in their continued defense of constitutional rights and liberties. Each drank a toast to the right man at the right time for the right reasons.

GROWING UP WITH DETROIT

The rise to world prominence of the auto capital of Detroit is a dramatic chapter in the history of industrial America in this century. And a significant aspect has been the migration there of Southern blacks, attracted by the promise of jobs, of a better and freer life.

This issue contains profiles of two remarkable products of the trek of Southern blacks to Detroit. Mayor-elect Coleman A. Young was born in Alabama; Judge Damon Keith's parents moved to Detroit from Atlanta shortly before he was born. Both men were shaped by Detroit's street life. Both are symbols of the social transformation that has made Detroit "blacker and poorer" as whites moved to the suburbs. Detroit was once "a city where life is worth living." To a degree it still is; but it is also a murderous city, the murder capital of the nation, with a projected 750 killings for 1973. It is currently an armed city, with an estimated 500,000 handguns, one for every third man, woman and child (Newsweek, December 17).

Children enjoy no immunity in "kill city." Recently a 6-year-old boy and his 8-year-old friend were kidnapped as they played in front of a northwest Detroit home, held for ransom, and later found dead: both shot in the head. This latest incident—"the slaughter of innocents"—seems to have been the final straw. The United Black Coalition, a community group often critical of the police, has rallied this time to their defense. Detroit, a city in turmoil, polarized along race and class lines, facing large-scale layoffs in the auto industry and with that industry facing an uncertain future, needs all the political wisdom it can muster, if it is not to blow apart. It is on such urban frontiers that "the promise of American life" now meets its most serious challenge. The emergence of leaders such as Mayor-elect Young and Judge Keith, is a hopeful omen that Detroit is not bereft of the resources of toughness, intelligence and humanity it will need to meet this challenge.

The Editors

COLEMAN A. YOUNG

STREET WISE AND CANNY

REMER TYSON

Detroit

Detroit's first black Mayor, Coleman A. Young, is a child of tough street politics, where a man might have to fight for his life as well as his point of view. He learned the fundamentals of politics on the ghetto corners of Black Bottom, around embattled union halls and inside violent auto plants. Later, when Michigan Democrats and labor leaders decided that Young was a businessman instead of a Communist, he polished up on how to survive at political tea parties and in smoke-filled suites. Because of his street wisdom, a gift for mediation and an uncommon sense of humor, Young, who will take office in January, may prove to be a safety valve for keyed-up racial tensions in the nation's fifth largest city.

Sitting atop the largest base of black power in the country, Young is in a position to challenge the policies of General Motors, Ford Motor Company and Chrysler Corporation—if he chooses to gamble against the big money. Should he fulfill his pledge to turn Detroit around, he'll have a place in the history books. If he doesn't—that's Detroit. It is likely in any case that his blunt and witty way of talking about the urban crisis and the old dream of equality in America will make him a new personality for the national media.

A tall, dignified man with a salt-and-pepper mustache,

Remer Tyson, a political writer on the Detroit Free Press, was formerly an editor of The Atlanta Constitution and has been a reporter in Washington.

a 55-year-old, happy-go-lucky bachelor, Young mixes the telling idiom of the Old South with back-alley language of big industrial Detroit. The rhetoric reflects the man. On the promise of equal employment during his administration, he says, "That means more at the top for blacks, for there ain't no shortage of blacks out there behind them garbage trucks." On racial separatism: "The last man who tried that was Jeff Davis. He had an army and everything and still didn't win." To whites who have fled to the suburbs: "Like Joe Louis said, you can run, baby, but you can't hide." About speculation that Young, twice divorced, will live in the Mayor's mansion with his pretty girl friend, Mrs. Joyce Garrett, a 41-year-old divorcee: "I'm in love with the city of Detroit."

Young's followers swear by him as a one-time poor boy "off the corner" who has shared their struggle. He did come up the hard way, sometimes risking his neck to rebel against racial and economic discrimination. He has stayed in touch and his street people have reason to trust him.

But Young is no longer a poor black man struggling to make ends meet. He wears expensive suits and flashy rings, usually carries a couple of hundred dollars in his wallet. He owns part of a Detroit bar and rib shack, an interest in a Detroit housing complex and part of a Florida land development corporation. Some of his best friends think of him as more a playboy than a politician who pays attention to details. Many white Detroiters look upon him as a black Lenin.

Young is easy to like, delightful to drink and dine

with; but it is difficult, if not impossible, to know him down deep. "He keeps his eyes on you every minute; he's always watching you," says an observer who has watched him closely. "There's a line you don't step across with him." An intimate friend of ten years said—to his own amazement, after thinking it over: "You know, Coleman has never done anything for me. I've always given, he's always taken. I haven't minded, but that's the way it's been."

Like many other blacks who have risen to power during the past decade, Young's roots were in the South. He has followed a twisting, frustrating path to City Hall. "Just say I've had some peaks and valleys, baby." He was born in Tuscaloosa, Ala., the oldest son of industrious parents, themselves children of the violent post-Reconstruction era.

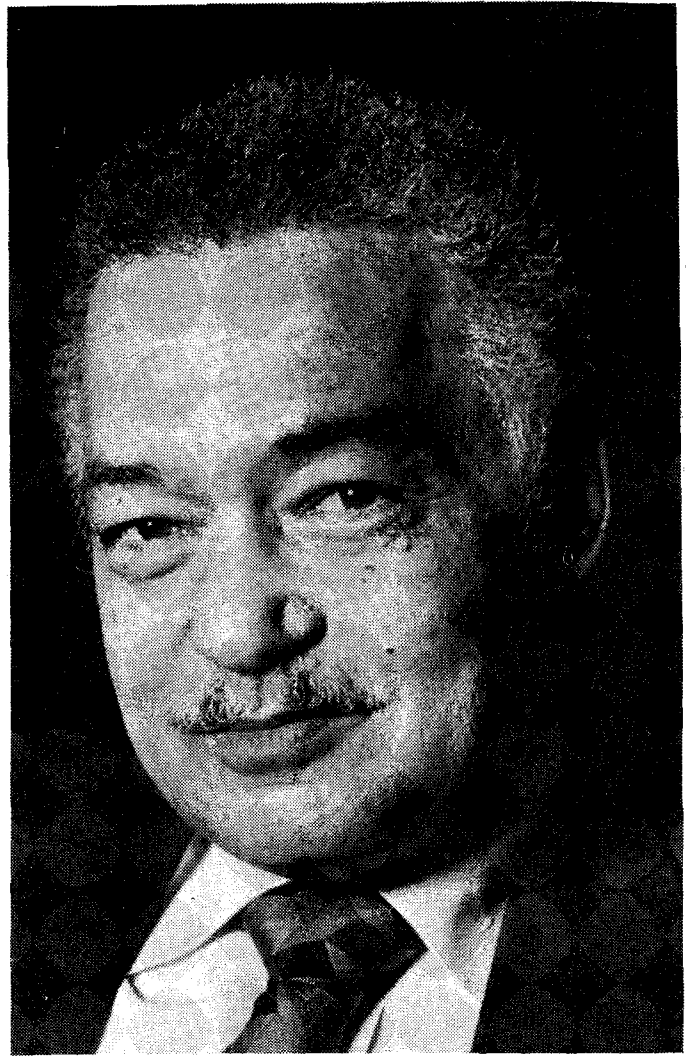
As a toddler, Young learned to fear white terrorism. He remembers the black section of Huntsville, Ala., where his father took a course in tailoring: "A lot of cars came through the town there with a bunch of dudes in white sheets doing a lot of yelling, riding on running boards. I didn't know what the hell it was, but I remember my mom picked me up and held me, and I remember her fear."

When he was 5, Young's family joined the thousands of black Southerners who began the trek to Detroit after World War I. Detroit was already a city of a million, less than 50,000 of them black—not enough for whites to get uptight about. Those early years in Detroit hold a powerful influence on Young. His idea of rebuilding the city—now rotting down, depressed and polarized—is to make it again "like it used to be when I was a kid."

His family lived near downtown Detroit, in an east side section called Black Bottom. Greeks and Italians and Poles lived there, too. It was a neighborhood of frame houses, small shops, streets lined with shade trees and backyards dotted with vegetable patches and fruit trees. Children played on the corners and in the streets, carefree and unafraid, for cars were few and there was an unwritten law: don't touch a kid.

Young's father got a job as night watchman at the Post Office. He also opened a pressing and cleaning shop. Across the street was Diggs Funeral Home, owned by the father of Rep. Charles Diggs of Detroit, the senior black member of Congress. "My dad used to press his old man's single suit," Young said, "and then we'd wait until after the funeral to collect."

His father's cleaning establishment, like the Diggs Funeral Home, became a community center for black people, many of them new arrivals from down home, seeking advice and comradeship. As a teen-ager Young worked in the shop, and it became evident early that he was one of those people who would be sought out by others. A boyhood friend, Christopher Alston, recalled: "Coleman would be back there spotting. They had a little bin around him in back of the cleaners because of the fumes and you weren't supposed to go back there. But they'd go back there, cigarettes in their hands, about to blow the place up, and say to Coleman what's happenin'." If Mayor Young calls up today, and you're his friend, he begins: "This is Coleman. What's happenin', baby?"



Richard Lee, Detroit Free Press
Coleman Young

When Young was growing up in Detroit, flowers on the City Hall lawn spelled out: "Detroit, A City Where Life Is Worth Living." Automobiles and wars changed that. Pleasant, ladylike Detroit turned into a brawny, industrial city where the cultures of migrants from the East, the South and Europe clashed, sometimes violently. The conflicts would make Detroit the scene of America's two worst urban riots. Thirty-four persons were killed in a 1943 riot; and forty-three more in 1967.

After moving to Detroit, the Young family converted to Catholicism. At the end of grammar school, Young applied for a scholarship to a Catholic high school. A teacher tore up the application paper before Young's eyes, because he was black. "Who knows what moves a man," Young once said of himself. "Just a buildup of things like that."

After finishing public high school, and though he was exceptionally bright, Young found that his color closed off scholarships to the University of Michigan and other colleges. Unable to pay his own way to college, he took a job at the Ford plant in suburban Dearborn. That was in the late 1930s, when Ford was fighting to keep the union out. One of the company's spies found out that Young was an undercover union recruiter; he provoked

a fight by baiting him about his color. The Ford man scrambled across a conveyor belt toward Young.

"I picked up the 36-inch steel bar we used to unjam the machine and caught him right across the side of the head," Young said. "He fell on the belt unconscious and was carried out and dumped with the steel shavings into a boxcar." Young was fired.

Drafted into the Army in World War II, Young jumped at the chance to join an elite black flying unit known as the Tuskegee Airmen. That made him a second lieutenant, the rank he held when discharged three years later. The Army quickly labeled him a troublemaker for challenging the military's Jim Crow regulations.

Near the end of the war, Young and 100 other black officers were arrested by the Army and threatened with a firing squad for refusing to obey an order to abide by regulations segregating the officers' club at Freeman Field, Ind. The 101 rebellious black officers were placed in barracks surrounded by prison wire and armed guards. Roaming free outside the fences, looking in at the American officers, were prisoners of war brought over from Germany and Italy to work cleanup details at United States bases.

Young had slipped word via a black orderly to black newspapers and the Army's inspector general. After a few days, the Army gave in; the officers' club was integrated.

Young's election as Mayor came as sweet vengeance—after 20 years—for a group of Detroiters, black and white, who look upon themselves as victims of a purge by Walter Reuther's "right wing" inside the United Automobile Workers in the late 1940s. When he became UAW president in 1946, Reuther consolidated his power by forcing opponents out of positions of influence in Detroit's labor organizations. One of the casualties was Young. He lost his job as organizational secretary of the Detroit-based Wayne County Congress of Industrial Organizations.

Though Reuther acquired a national reputation in the 1960s as a civil rights advocate, Young and other blacks believe that they were smeared as left wingers or Communists, then blacklisted by unions, because they demanded equal employment in auto plants and insisted that black officers be allowed to sit on the UAW board.

"To be in the civil rights movement then meant to be a radical," said Detroit criminal court Judge George Crockett, 63, who many years ago was ousted by the Reuther forces from the UAW's fair employment and legal departments. "The civil rights movement has got respectable."

Knocked out of the CIO job, Young worked in the 1948 Presidential campaign of Henry Wallace, then became director of the Detroit-based National Negro Labor Council. The council's major achievement was to force Sears, Roebuck to hire black clerks. In 1952, when the House Un-American Activities Committee visited Detroit, Young and other council leaders were questioned. "In those days," Young said, "if you were trying to do anything for blacks, you were a Communist."

Crockett, who represented Young as counsel, recalls that Young attacked the committee proceedings as a witch

hunt, lectured Southern members on how to say "Nee-grow," and finally refused to answer a single question. Rather than surrender its membership list to U.S. Atty. Gen. Herbert Brownell, who had labeled the organization subversive, Young disbanded the council.

For years thereafter, blacklisted by labor and management alike, Young lived pretty much from hand to mouth. Two marriages broke up. He was hit by what Detroiters call buzzard's luck: Can't kill nothing, nothing won't die.

Once he got a job at Ford loading fenders into boxcars. "Nobody else wanted the job," he said. "The boxcars were slippery and greasy and you had to wear gloves reinforced with metal to keep your fingers from getting cut." Working at night hidden in boxcars, Young hoped his union enemies would miss seeing him. But someone did, and he was fired after fifty-nine days (Ford had a sixty-day probation period for workers).

Other factories turned him away. Eventually, Young and friends went into a cleaning business, but it was touch and go. An acquaintance remembers: "They weren't much at business. You'd go in there and a big political argument would be going on and you couldn't get your clothes." "Coleman just didn't like to work," another friend asserted. "Still doesn't."

Young finally found a measure of success as an insurance salesman. His political fortunes also turned. In 1960, he was elected a delegate to a state constitutional convention, performed well and later won election to the Michigan legislature.

Initially opposed in his legislative races by the Democratic Party, dominated in Michigan by the UAW, Young was soon in the party's good graces. He often led the fight for organized labor against mossback outstate Republicans. He became Democratic floor leader in the Michigan Senate. Young was acceptable enough in the chaotic atmosphere of 1968 to be elected Michigan's Democratic national committeeman, the first black in the country to hold that position.

Not out of repentance did Michigan Democrats elect him to the national committee. They needed him. Ideological factions were tearing the Michigan party apart, and Young has a special knack for dealing with warring groups. "I have seen him in a meeting where groups hate each other," said Young's boyhood friend, Alston. "They say everybody is a bastard, but he's all right. He can mediate things. I don't know what it is. Maybe it's the same thing Kissinger has."

A top black Detroit union official explained it another way: "Coleman has been just enough Left to be identified with the Left. He's been just enough with labor to be identified with labor. He's been just enough with liberal institutionalists to be identified with institutionalists. I think that each group sees Coleman as totally a member of that group. He does it without denying he's a member of all of them. How he does it, I don't know." The union official added: "Coleman is a good trade unionist at heart."

Young's skill at stepping into bitter conflict and surviving as a good guy is now certain to be tested, time and again, by the very nature of Detroit and the stress of forces converging in the city. Young's election pattern tells how deep racial polarization runs. He got 8 per cent

of the white vote; his white opponent, former Police Commissioner John F. Nichols, got 6 per cent of the black vote.

New census data that have become available since the election reinforce what the election had already demonstrated: Detroit has become the largest black-dominated metropolis in America. The updated data indicate that Detroit's population declined by 117,000—about 8 per cent—during the past three years. In 1970, the census listed only 660,524 of Detroit's 1,511,482 residents as black. The new figures show blacks a solid majority in a population that has fallen to 1,396,210. A population shift that large in so short a time makes it obvious that Detroit is a city in turmoil.

As they have been doing for years, whites continue to flee the city, blacks to pour in. Detroit becomes blacker and poorer, a few isolated enclaves of white power sticking up—General Motors' international headquarters, downtown banks and businesses, Henry Ford's half-billion-dollar office building and hotel complex rising on the river front.

Detroit's black community, with a median family income of \$8,639 compared with \$5,999 for all U.S. black families, has an expanding middle class, but remains a work force dependent on a single industry—auto production. When the nation's economy gets a cold, Detroit expects pneumonia. The energy crisis has caused the big three auto makers to lay off thousands of workers. Car stockpiles are at an all-time high, sales are off.

During the week after Young's election, sixteen persons died violently in Detroit, including two policemen and one of the city's top dope dealers. That was normal, pretty much, except that the city's crime rate, after dropping for twenty-nine straight months, was starting to climb again. In one day, the 673-room Pick Fort Shelby Hotel closed its doors and Altes Brewery announced it was shutting down.

Going into City Hall, Young has walked carefully, at-

tempting to tread a path that assures whites against fears of a "black takeover" and at the same time assures blacks that their city government will demand for them respect and equality. Young says he starts out confronting the thing that has infected him with fear and frustration since he was a baby in Alabama: "I think the biggest problem facing any black or white mayor in America today is to recognize that racism and polarization is a major problem that confronts each and every citizen in America, and that it must be dealt with.

"I think we must recognize that there is a commonality of interest for the white population and the black population in the cities and in the suburbs and deal with it from that point of view. The problems of the cities cannot be isolated from the survival of the nation. If the cities go down, the suburbs go down; if the suburbs go down, the nation goes down."

Young's old counselor, Judge Crockett, believes that "sooner or later, Chrysler, Ford and General Motors are going to realize these people in the inner city make it possible for them to live in Grosse Pointe. They'll have to turn some of their interest back."

But Young stops short of putting it to the big three: give us our due or we will no longer make it possible for you to live in Grosse Pointe. Even an old radical like Young, mellowed and made savvy by experience, approaches that point with caution, for it would put to test the country's most powerful forces.

Grim as Detroit seems to outsiders, Young's easygoing manner seems to have relieved tensions in the city. On the morning after his election, a white patrolman saluted a black patrolman at the main police station: "Good morning, inspector." A black gang sent word to toughs along downtown streets: "Don't embarrass Coleman." Judge Crockett rated Young's administration a "dynamic success" even before it started, "because the goddam town didn't blow up."

In Detroit they measure progress that way. □

DAMON KEITH

JUDGE ON THE FIRING LINE

WILLIAM GRANT

Detroit

Damon Keith remembers that when he was a boy in Detroit the only blacks he knew who drove big cars and wore nice clothes were the pimps and numbers runners. "There were no black elected officials," Keith recalls, "no black councilmen. There were no black judges. In twelve years of school I was never taught by a black teacher." Young Keith decided he wanted to be a lawyer, but his father tried to discourage him. "He told me all the black lawyers in town worked at the Post Office."

But Damon Jerome Keith held firm, graduated from

William Grant writes on education for the Detroit Free Press.

Howard University's Law School and has now become one of the nation's most talked of federal judges. In just six years he has issued pace-setting decisions on subjects from school segregation to wiretapping. Major housing and job discrimination decisions by Keith are on appeal.

He can take the time to safeguard the rights of even the most insignificant prisoner. An aged white man smelling of cheap wine was hauled before Keith in handcuffs recently, after failing to show up for his trial on a forgery charge. He stood before the bench, seemingly unable to understand why marshals had hauled him out of his flop-house bed in the middle of the night and carted him off to jail.

Keith, leaning forward with a half smile on his face,

went through it all again. Slowly; painfully. "You missed your trial. You didn't call the court. You didn't call your lawyer. We didn't know where you were. It's been more than a year since you were indicted and the Constitution says you are due a 'speedy . . . trial.' But we can't give you one if we can't find you."

Or he can say "no" to the President of the United States. "Such power held by one individual was never contemplated by the framers of the Constitution," Keith wrote in 1971, "and cannot be tolerated today." He was speaking about the right asserted by President Nixon and then Atty. Gen. John N. Mitchell to wiretap anyone at any time without the approval of any judge, by merely saying that a national security matter was involved. That was more than a year before the break-in at Watergate and more than two years before the public would hear of the plumbers and of the Administration's plans to wiretap everyone from members of the White House staff to reporters, in an effort to uncover and keep track of its enemies. Damon Keith could not know that the President would take the case to the U.S. Supreme Court when he wrote:

In this turbulent time of unrest, it is often difficult for the established and contented members of our society to tolerate, much less try to understand, the contemporary challenges to our existing form of government. If democracy as we know it, and as our forefathers established it, is to stand, then "attempts of domestic organizations to attack and subvert the existing structure of government" [as the government had claimed was happening in the case before Keith] cannot be, in and of themselves, a crime. Such attempts become criminal only where it can be shown that the activity was carried on through unlawful means, such as the invasion of the rights of others by use of force or violence.

In June 1972, the Court, by an 8-to-0 decision, accepted Judge Keith's view and ordered a halt to wiretaps that had not been approved by a federal judge. "History abundantly documents the tendency of government—however benevolent and benign its motives—to view with suspicion those who most fervently dispute its policies," wrote Justice Lewis F. Powell for the unanimous Court.

Powell would later tell Keith over dinner at the Supreme Court that his forceful 1971 opinion on "the fundamental freedom guaranteed to all American citizens" had determined the tone of the Supreme Court's own opinion and sealed the doom of what was then called the Mitchell Doctrine of unlimited Presidential power.

Interest in the case emerged again last summer when both sides in the Watergate hearings cited the Keith opinion in support of their position. Sen. Sam J. Ervin, Jr., chairman of the Senate special Watergate subcommittee, argued that Keith's opinion and the Supreme Court's concurrence clearly demonstrate the limits of Presidential power. But John J. Wilson, the attorney for John D. Ehrlichman, argued that, because Judge Keith did not challenge the President's power to wiretap in cases where foreign espionage is feared, his decision in fact gave the President the power to authorize not only a wiretap on Daniel Ellsberg but the burglary of his psychiatrist's office as well.

It is difficult to imagine how even a casual reader of Keith's opinion could find support for Wilson's argument,

but Keith thinks it important that both sides turned for support to his interpretation of the Constitution. "The great beauty of the Constitution is that it protects all of us," Keith says. "These soft-headed judges who are supposedly protecting criminals are actually protecting all of us."

Keith's wiretap ruling did not make him popular with the Nixon Administration, as he found out last fall when he returned to the Law School at Howard to give a lecture. At the end of his talk, a man whose name Keith still does not know stood up and said he was from the Justice Department's Internal Security Division. "He told me," Keith remembers, "that judges like me had better look at the [1972] election returns. Can you imagine that? Can you imagine the gall it takes to stand up in front of a group of law students and say that kind of thing to a federal judge? I told him constitutional rights were not based on any election returns."

To look at Damon Keith's life is to understand much about him. "I am the product of my youth," he says. "I am what those years made me." Keith's father moved his wife and six children North from Atlanta in the early 1920s, so that he could take a job at Ford's River Rouge plant. On July 4, 1922, a short time after the family arrived in Detroit, Damon was born.

The Keith family was in the first wave of the massive black migration from the towns and farms of the South to the urban North, where business was booming and jobs were for the asking. The number of blacks in Detroit climbed from 5,700 to 40,800 between 1910 and 1920 and reached 120,000 by 1930.

The city is now more than 50 per cent black and the children of that first migratory wave are increasingly the people in charge. While Keith was growing up on the city's west side, Coleman A. Young, recently elected Detroit's first black Mayor, was growing up on the east side. Keith went through school with William T. Patrick, Jr., who in 1957 became Detroit's first black councilman and is now a lawyer for American Telephone and Telegraph in New York.

Keith's father was determined that one of his children should go to college. After graduating from Northwestern High School, young Damon decided he would attend Wayne, the state university, but a cousin who was married to the president of West Virginia State University convinced him that he should go there. Attending the all-black college was "a changing point in my life," Keith says. "It was an inspiration to see black professors and realize that blacks could be just as important, just as competent, as whites." He worked his way through school by cleaning the college chapel. While at West Virginia State he decided he wanted to be a lawyer. He enrolled at Howard in 1946, after three years in the Army.

Howard was a legal think tank for blacks in those days. Keith was taught constitutional law by James Nabrit, later the president of Howard and an ambassador. Lawyers like Thurgood Marshall, then general counsel of the NAACP and now on the Supreme Court; Spottswood Robinson, now a federal appeals court judge; and William Hastie, who would become the first black federal judge, flowed through Howard as they planned the legal battles



Damon Keith

Tony Spina

for equal rights. The tactics that led to the 1954 school desegregation decision were shaped there and the landmark 1948 housing discrimination case, which had originated in Detroit only a few miles from Keith's home, was argued before the Howard students by lawyers preparing for their appearance before the Supreme Court.

These men rode to Washington in special railroad cars because they were black. They had to reach the university in black taxicabs or in the back of public busses. Segregation extended through every facet of their life, from hotels and restaurants to water fountains and rest rooms. Yet they taught students like Damon Keith to believe in the Constitution and the American legal system. They said times would change and that the black man would one day be as free as the white. "I came away from Howard feeling very protective about the Constitution," Keith now says. "I love the Constitution. It assures freedom for all of us."

Keith returned to Detroit, set up a law practice and began to dabble in politics. He was president of the Detroit Housing Commission and chairman of the Michigan Civil Rights Commission. He worked in the campaigns

of Sen. Philip Hart, who asked President Johnson in 1967 to name Keith to the federal judgeship of Wade H. McCree, Jr., Michigan's first black federal judge, who was being elevated to the Court of Appeals. He joined the bench on October 2, 1967.

A judge has no power to choose the cases he will handle. They are assigned him through a blind draw system, and his power is in dealing with the cases he gets. It seemed like a more or less ordinary criminal case that was assigned to Keith in 1970. The Ann Arbor office of the CIA had been bombed in 1968 and the Justice Department had secured indictments against Lawrence Robert (Pun) Plamondon and two associates.

Plamondon was minister of defense in the radical White Panther Party, now renamed the Rainbow People's Party. He had been a fugitive for months and was on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted List. He was arrested by state police in mid-1970 in northern Michigan for tossing a beer can out of the window of his van; "A lack of revolutionary discipline," he later called it. The next day Abbie Hoffman stabbed a hunting knife into the table at a Detroit press conference and said, "We plan an act of revenge for Brother Pun."

The trial became a focal point of demonstrations; William Kunstler, late of the Chicago Seven trial, was coming to Detroit to handle the defense. Because of the nature of the case, Keith figured it would attract wide press coverage, but it seemed to raise no unusual legal issues and the judge expected a routine trial.

Then, in answer to a defense motion, the Justice Department admitted that it had overheard some of Plamondon's conversations on a wiretap. The defense asked for the logs of the conversations and the attorneys for the government said that compliance would violate national security.

In the debate over the motion, the Mitchell Doctrine was outlined. The President, John Mitchell argued in a written statement to the court, has the inherent power "of the sovereign to preserve itself." As such, the government argued, the President could order wiretaps in national security cases without seeking normal court approval; and, further, he did not have to reveal those tapes to anyone, even the defense in a case resulting from the wiretap.

The argument on this point came before Judge Keith on January 14 and 16, 1971. Nine days later, he returned with his opinion that the President was wrong.

Judge Keith did not pass judgment on wiretaps in national security cases; he merely said that the rule of law required that a judge authorize them: "It is the procedure of obtaining a warrant that inserts the impartial judgment of the court between the citizen and the government." In addition, he ordered the government to show to Plamondon's lawyers the logs and transcripts of the wiretapped conversations.

The government appealed, and in April the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit upheld Keith on a 2-to-1 vote. "It is strange indeed," wrote Judge George C. Edwards of Detroit in the majority opinion, "that in this case the traditional power of sovereigns like King George III should be invoked on behalf of an American President to defeat one of the fundamental freedoms for

which the founders of this country overthrew King George's reign." In 1972, after the U.S. Supreme Court had concurred with Keith, the government dismissed the charges against Plamondon and the others rather than reveal the wiretapped conversations.

Keith believes that a federal district judge has "the most exciting judgeship in the country," and he says he fully enjoys being "on the firing line." At 51, he is likely to be on the bench for some time and almost certainly will be the next chief judge of this eleven-judge district, because the judge ahead of him in seniority is much older. It would not be surprising to see him seriously considered for the U.S. Supreme Court when Thurgood Marshall leaves the Court and a future President seeks a black federal judge to fill the seat.

Meanwhile, he says of himself, "I enjoy difficult decisions. I am not indecisive." A careful and thorough trial court judge can expand the law far more than the public might realize, and Keith is using that power to undo some of the wrongs he saw all around him in his youth.

In 1969, two black lawyers from Pontiac, a small industrial city 20 miles north of Detroit, filed a suit that charged the schools in the city were segregated. The U.S. Supreme Court's 1954 ruling on school integration had failed to make clear under what rules a school system outside the South could be found guilty of segregation and ordered to integrate its schools. Yet anyone could see that schools in the North were segregated, despite the fact that few Northern states had ever required segregation by law. The NAACP had tried in the mid-1960s to extend court-ordered school integration to the North by saying that the simple existence of segregation, whatever its cause, was wrong and should be ended. But that effort failed. One of those cases was in the Sixth Circuit, which includes Michigan, and the court's decision established the rule that a school board could not be held responsible for segregation created by neighborhood patterns, housing or other factors.

The problem facing Keith was difficult. Could he persuade the Court of Appeals to change its rule and accept his view that any segregation is wrong, regardless of its cause? Or would another approach work better?

He decided against a frontal attack on the prevailing standard in Northern school cases. Instead, he carefully reshaped the standard so that school boards could no longer plead innocent of the segregation in their schools. Keith pointed to the decisions made by the Pontiac school board on where to build new schools and where to adjust the attendance boundaries of existing schools. While these decisions alone may not have segregated the city, he said, neither did they do anything to end the segregation. "Failure to take the necessary steps so as to negate or alleviate a situation which is harmful is as wrong as taking the affirmative steps to advance that situation," Keith's 1970 Pontiac ruling said.

The decision, which was upheld by the Court of Appeals and not reviewed by the Supreme Court, came at a time when almost no school system outside the South had been found guilty of segregating its schools. Keith's ruling helped provide the bridge between *de jure* and *de facto* school segregation, between the court rulings on Southern

school systems and the segregation that existed in the schools of the North and West. In nearly a score of later decisions judges have used or expanded on Keith's rule for evaluating the action of school boards in states outside the South. The Supreme Court's decision this year in a school case from Denver gives final sanction to the doctrine.

Now before the Appeals Court is a Keith ruling that Hamtramck, a small, mostly Polish city completely surrounded by Detroit, has used urban renewal as "Negro removal." He has ordered Hamtramck and the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development to build low-cost housing in the city for blacks who were forced out.

Also on appeal is a major job discrimination decision handed down October 2, in which Keith finds Detroit Edison Co. guilty of discriminating against blacks, and awards \$4 million in damages to those discriminated against by the company. "The evidence was overwhelming," the judge wrote in his decision, "that invidious racial discrimination in employment practices permeates Detroit Edison Co."

The suit was brought by three Edison employees and joined in by the U.S. Justice Department. "The court finds as proven facts that upward mobility of blacks presently employed at Detroit Edison is almost non-existent and that qualified potential black employees are either refused employment or [have] refrained from applying because of the company's reputation in the black Detroit community for racial discrimination," Keith wrote.

In addition to the \$4 million in damages against the company, he ordered one of the unions representing Edison employees to pay \$250,000 in damages. "These two defendants," Keith said of the company and Local 223 of the Utility Workers of America, "repeatedly and callously disregarded or rejected numerous appeals of blacks who asked that Edison's hiring and promotion practices be reformed and that blacks be afforded fair representation by unions. When a defendant's behavior is so extremely unreasonable and violative of laws as has been the behavior of two of the defendants in this case, one can only infer that the defendants have acted with malice."

Included in his order to Edison are instructions that the utility bring its work force up to 30 per cent black as soon as possible, promote one black as foreman or supervisor for every white promoted, hire blacks into high-level and skilled jobs until 25 per cent of these positions are held by blacks and discontinue intelligence and aptitude tests.

Damon Keith is almost universally admired by lawyers and his fellow judges. They consider him hard working and extremely fair. Both prosecutors and defense attorneys like to appear before him. Even attorneys who have lost a major case in his court agree that he is patient and fair. One young attorney remembers that Keith called him to the bench during a trial to explain the proper way to get an exhibit into the record, so that he would not have to embarrass the inexperienced lawyer in front of the jury.

Keith enjoys the attention his major decisions bring him and his outer office is lined with photos of the famous

people he has met. He beams with pride when he is singled out as proof that the system works for blacks, as he was this fall by columnist Carl T. Rowan. "These youngsters who are still intoxicated by angry rhetoric," Rowan wrote, "would do well to look at U.S. District Judge Damon Keith of Detroit. This jurist has given us some powerful evidence that the most meaningful power blacks can exercise in this society is power won and invoked within the rules of 'the establishment.'"

He raises roses and enjoys a good life in a middle-class neighborhood of Detroit that is a long way from his boyhood home on the city's near west side. Keith and his wife, a doctor who specializes in internal medicine, send their three daughters to the exclusive Kingswood school in affluent Bloomfield Hills and to summer music camp at Interlochen. He is on the board of the school and the

Interlochen Arts Academy and of the Detroit YMCA, where he jogs 1,000 miles a year.

He is a deeply religious man, a trait he inherited from his father who, Keith says, "made a covenant with God to live until he had seen me through college." Keith was 12 years old when his father, who was thought to be dying of pneumonia, called him in and said, "The only reason I'm not ready to die is because I have not seen you become the man I know you can be." The senior Keith lived to see his son graduate from West Virginia State and as they walked the campus on graduation day he told his son, "I'm ready to go. I have seen you through school, as I prayed I could." A week later Perry Keith was dead. It is with that same faith that Damon Keith believes God has singled him out for the influential role he plays. □

Morocco: In the Toils of Tourism

FRED SETTERBERG

While Libya has closed its borders to non-Arabs, Egypt erupts in war, and Algeria maintains a policy of official coolness toward the United States, Morocco has maneuvered itself into the position of Africa's most promising tourist nation. Blessed with considerable variety in geographical spectaculars, Morocco draws a wide range of visitors. Apart from the lure of ancient strongholds like Marrakech and Fez, there beckon the Moroccan Sahara, skiable slopes in the Atlas Mountain Range and some 1,700 miles of white Mediterranean beach.

Still chiefly an agrarian society, with 70 to 80 per cent of its population dependent upon the soil, Morocco has found industrialization to be an agonizingly slow process. Accordingly, this monarchical republic saddled with a national unemployment rate vaguely estimated at between 13 and 30 per cent, has found in the recent tourist boom a source of economic hope. From 1965 to 1970, the revenue from tourist-related industry doubled to reach \$175 million. Once again this year, the onslaught of tourists is toppling previous records.

But along with this much needed money, Morocco, still smarting from the French colonial experience, finds itself confronting a potential North Americanization. The new colonial assault, waged through the nonconscious efforts of tourists clasp the American Express Travel Card (a common cry of derision, "Hey, American Express"), employs a subtlety unknown to the French Foreign Legion. The uniform of foreign imposition has changed, but the backpack remains an essential item. Tacked to countless packs, vans and jeans, the Canadian Maple Leaf and the less commonly displayed Stars and Stripes wave heir apparent to the Tricolor.

The ambivalence of government reaction to what it fears as "cultural pollution" stems from tourism's intimidating spending power. The solution to the problem is selectivity. With its five-year economic plan of 1968-

72, the government determined to shape tourism's promise to the national welfare. Public and private investment totaling \$190 million financed construction of primarily first-class hotels, thus raising the number of tourist beds from 2,000 to 5,000. Government proffers of loans and other benefits have stimulated foreign (Holiday Inn for one) as well as native private investment.

The plan is to lure the sort of tourists who will most benefit Morocco: older, moneyed couples and dowagers, who will spend respectable amounts and leave no touch of their own culture imprinted on the Moroccan psyche: Miami Beach patrons content to loll in the sun grow fat and respect the boundaries of class, religion and nationality. But, despite efforts to secure these older, well-established vacationers, Morocco has found itself a station on the underground circuit. Young backpackers swarm, each year in larger droves. A few cities, Marrakech particularly, promises to be transformed into the sort of countercultural watering hole that Amsterdam has become in Europe.

As in Amsterdam, many young travelers, would-be expatriates and hangers-on are drawn to Morocco by the abundance of cheap, potent hashish and the vague laws concerning its usage. Hashish and kief (a blend of marijuana flower and tobacco) have enjoyed widespread use among Moroccans for centuries, and are regarded with a good deal less suspicion than the nefarious alcohols imported by Europeans and explicitly restricted by the teachings of Islam. Hash smoking among Moroccans is not actually legal, but neither is it a crime actively sought out and disrupted by the police. Good manners require that in public cafés the hash or kief pipe be passed shyly under the table.

In recent years the availability and astoundingly low hashish prices (which nevertheless provide 500 to 1,000 per cent profits for international entrepreneurs) have caused some embarrassment to the Moroccan Govern-

Fred Setterberg, a free-lance writer, spent four months in North Africa earlier this year.

ment. Especially rigorous border inspections conducted in Spain and in the United States for any person carrying a passport stamped in North Africa reflect the degree to which Moroccan border surveillance is internationally respected. Any Moroccan attempt to slow the drug traffic is carried out incidentally in connection with the incomprehensible standards of admission established for young travelers.

Anxious visitors sailing from Algeciras cross their fingers as they approach the Tangiers border post. The boats carry the bulk of those who will have the most trouble getting in; airplanes, being more expensive, imply some affluence. A vow of quick departure, a sturdy van, even the display of large amounts of money do not necessarily insure admittance. More helpful is a family, a job in Europe, a recent haircut or some other sign of responsible sobriety; and a good knowledge of French to argue your case.

At his station, a border guard routinely stamps passports with entry visas. Eyes cast downward, he labors quite oblivious of the relieved procession of blue jeans, long hair and backpacks. Every fifth applicant is calmly rejected. The reason? "No hippies are allowed in Morocco," he explains with the obviously untrue stock phrase to prune back the hordes.

Like India and Nepal, Morocco hopes to prevent the addition to its impoverished population of foreigners who live from hand to mouth. For many travelers, the ease and the grace of the national life delay further travel plans almost indefinitely. A 25-year-old former American fisherman explained how his expected stay of one week in Marrakech grew to three and a half months. "When I met my brother here, he had already found a

hotel where we could stay, single rooms mind you, for less than \$5 a week. We made friends, we made good dope connections, and it just seemed impossible to leave. Things are very slow here. Marrakech is the ultimate kick-back city."

The ever popular Harvard Student Agencies' *Students Guide to Europe* unabashedly summed it up: "Those not burdened with a social conscience, might find it wonderful to do nothing and grow fat as Farouk while servants in fezzes attend to you like devoted Nubians." What the Moroccan Government hopes to prevent could hardly be more cogently expressed.

However the merchants of Marrakech, in response to the steady rise in business, do not shy from the role of "devoted Nubians." Ice cream and milk shakes are voraciously consumed by North American palates seeking an alternative to North African spices. One inspired café owner has bannered his front window with the inscription, "Snack Hippies," and does a remarkable business.

Beyond a distaste for the ways of foreign vagabonds, government officials fear the extent to which the transients' counter-traditional values and styles may influence Moroccan youth. In fact, seen from the standpoint of both Moslem traditionalists and economically progressive moderns, a nation of incipient bohemians is anything but an asset. In the basement of an Arab Quarter *glacier*, young tourists and middle-class Moroccan youths share milk shakes and conversation as four strategically centered loudspeakers roar the Stones, the Beatles, Neil Young and James Brown. The tourists need not speak French for many of the Moroccans have indulged in countless similar conversations and now are able to speak excellent English.

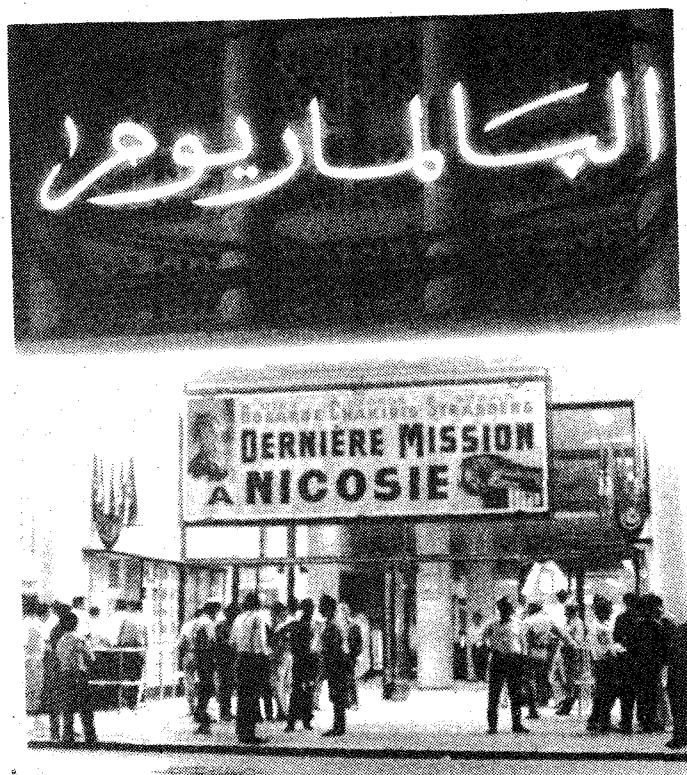
One of the more proficient English speakers avoids any possible confusion as to the pronunciation of his real name by introducing himself as Larry. While his four friends gathered about the table evidently follow both French and American fashions, Larry's dress is pure: blue jeans, hiking boots, a button-down shirt and a Levi jacket.

Larry starts to talk with a Canadian couple sitting at the next table, quickly demonstrating an ease with the language and revealing as well a recent familiarity with the writing of both Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg. "Burroughs," he announces proudly, "once lived in Tangiers."

An Arab man of 40 clad in a djellabah wool mantel appears from the stairway. Someone at Larry's table quietly whispers an Arabic name causing Larry to break abruptly from conversation and return to his friends without a word of explanation. Talk at his table resumes in Arabic.

After the older man leaves, Larry returns to the Canadians with an apology, explaining that the intruder is a police informer. Later that night, police intercept twelve of the young Moroccans who had been present at the *glacier*, issue stern reprimands for associating too closely with the tourists and send them home, after a brief visit to the station house with their heads cleanly shaved.

Agadir, after having been nearly leveled by the 1960



Street Scene, Rabat

earthquake, has been rebuilt as a modern resort area, primarily of luxury hotels. This spring the Agadir police, writing off the young tourists as economically expendable in a first-class town, dealt directly with what they believed to be the source of social corruption.

Young visitors not registered at one of the larger hotels were subjected to a series of harassment roundups intended to separate the chaff from Agadir's tourist crop. People were removed from city streets and cafés, searched, taken in a paddywagon to the police station and detained there for hours before being released without explanation. Word spread through Morocco that, for the time being, Agadir was not hospitable to foot-loose wanderers.

Apprehension that the tourists may sway Moroccan youth is shared as well by the burgeoning government opposition. After the 1965 student-worker riots in Casablanca, when 400 young people died at the hands of police and the army, the student unions and trade unions emerged as powerful, though cautiously organized, bastions of political reform. More of these dissidents, depending on their particular ideological persuasions, see the droves of young invaders as being either potentially counter-reformist or counterrevolutionary.

A former student at the University of Rabat (now in its third year of an unofficial strike) and member of the National Union of Moroccan Students, expressed some commonly shared fears:

Though it is not yet certain what sort of political reorganization is needed in Morocco, it is clear that we need dearly the skills of teachers, engineers, dieticians, doctors and other useful occupations. The detachment from practical matters evidenced by many of the young, relatively affluent tourists in Morocco, negates the promotion of a native spirit for political involvement and reform.

As long as the cost of living remains lower there than in Europe, Morocco will probably continue to profit substantially from the expansion of tourism. Large areas of land, particularly along the coast, await exploitation. But until Moroccans lapse into the wearied stoicism found in older vacation capitals like Paris or San Francisco, their preoccupation will be to extract the tourist dollars without losing their heritage in the process. Lacking the indigenous commercial reinforcements of a Paris or a San Francisco, the Moroccans will find that balancing act very exacting. □

WATERGATE UNDERTOW

SOS from the Republican Right

JEFFREY BELL

Washington

Republican political analysts, liberal, conservative and in between, are only beginning to assimilate the depressing election returns of November 6. The Washington-based press dusted off its musty odd-year election clichés ("no clear pattern," "local issues and personalities," etc.), but perhaps because the conservative Republican Mills Godwin won the nearby Virginia gubernatorial race, it missed the larger pattern. Republicans who have closely inspected the returns have no such illusions.

Gone now is the kind of wishful thinking that postulated Watergate as a blow to *both* parties, or detrimental to incumbents of whatever kind, or combinations thereof. November 1973 was an election marked by heavily Democratic party-line voting, pure and simple. All the truly shocking results—the defeat of conservative independent Mayor Stenvig of Minneapolis, the defeat of liberal Republican incumbents Specter and Gola of Philadelphia, and the 66-to-14 and 29-to-10 leads now enjoyed by Democrats in the New Jersey legislature—were victories won by relatively faceless Democrats against well-known and seemingly invincible opponents. Less publicized municipal and state legislative elections had similar results. Republicans lost control of West-

chester County, New York, for the first time ever, and made their worst showing in memory in Connecticut's city and town elections. Even in Virginia, where Godwin edged out the eccentric liberal independent, Henry Howell, Republicans lost a fifth of their seats in the lower house of the legislature. In retrospect, Howell's biggest mistake may have been to spurn the Democratic nomination he could have had for the asking. Knowledgeable Republicans are no longer fooling themselves about their party's immediate prospects: unless the public mood changes, 1958 is just around the corner.

It would be inaccurate to say that conservative Republicans regard 1973 as an uninterrupted bad dream. A coma would be more like it, and we all know how it usually ends. But while conservatives are devoting most of their private talk to ways and means of waking to what we hope is the real world of political give and take, it might be instructive to review what we perceive as our losses in the year of Watergate.

Consider the situation as it looked to us in January of this year. In the wake of a crushing landslide, won on more or less conservative policy stances, the first-term President Nixon of record deficits, radical welfare schemes and economic controls was no more. Instead, he had adopted as the major theme of his second Administration a pledge to veto new taxes and to curb drastically the size of the federal Establishment. Polls showed overwhelming popular support for Nixon on this issue, and Republicans were rallying around. Democrats,

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in Congress and elsewhere, were divided between jumping on the bandwagon and (the more noticeable response) attacking the idea of cutting government, thus deepening their identification with the losing side of the issue.

Abroad, there was no sign that the essentially dovish first-term policies would be reversed. But Henry Kissinger appeared to have lost some ground by creating the impression that he opposed the December bombing of North Vietnam, and conservatives looked forward to the probable emergence later in the year of John Connally as Secretary of State. We did not fully trust Connally, but he seemed to have the makings of a tough, realistic alternative to Kissinger's global high-wire act.

On the political front, conservatives saw themselves as holding a very good hand. Not only were policies beginning to come our way for the first time in the Administration, but we had the natural line of succession: Vice President Agnew, who had become a conservative hero in his first term, not only would become President if anything happened to Nixon but was regarded as a strong front runner for the GOP nomination in 1976.

The wreckage of these hopes needs little elaboration. Agnew is gone. Kissinger is stronger than ever. The tax-and-spending issue is eclipsed: no week goes by without Melvin Laird, the White House domestic chief, hinting at a tax increase or revival of the guaranteed-income Family Assistance Plan, and the Administration is weak and hesitant in its policy clashes with Congress. Ronald Reagan, the new conservative (and Republican) front runner, saw his Proposition 1 (to reduce California's income tax burden over a fifteen-year period) go down to a surprising 54-to-46 defeat on November 6. Polls indicate that if elections were held now, the Democrats would obtain veto-proof majorities in both houses of Congress.

In the view of most conservative strategists, this prospect is unlikely to change if Richard Nixon remains in office. They see Watergate as a bottomless swamp, with depths still to be plumbed. Every Nixon counterattack seems to contain the seeds of its own failure; thus one day in the midst of "Operation Candor" Nixon wins rave notices from the Republican Governors by assuring them "no new bombs" will drop, and two days later the same Governors are eating their words on being told of the eighteen-minute erasure on the June 20th tape. As Rep.

John Ashbrook said recently, "We used to sit around and say not much more can happen. Well, as it turned out we were wrong. We kept saying the other shoe had to drop soon. But now we find out the President is a centipede."

Conservative officeholders are aware that if Nixon remains in office, their own futures are at best cloudy. Yet few feel safe in saying so publicly. The one significant group whose confidence Nixon has retained is the Republican Party workers. A conservative Republican who openly breaks with Nixon is risking the wrath of his own most assiduous supporters.

The time may nevertheless be approaching when that wrath must be risked. When it will be is the subject of much discussion. The usual guess is a couple of weeks after Congress reconvenes in late January. By then, a number of events may be combining to highlight Republican vulnerability: the energy shortage will be most acute, both with regard to individual comfort and the larger economic health; most major Watergate indictments are likely to have been handed down, and some of the major trials will be under way; Gerald Ford will have had several weeks to settle in as Vice President, and final decisions for Republican office seekers will be imminent. For Republicans in Congress and elsewhere, mid to late winter will be the time of maximum psychological stress. If Nixon survives until spring, there will be a tendency in the party to make the best of a bad situation.

If Nixon stands fast in his determination not to resign, will mainstream Republicans in Congress move toward impeachment? Few people think so now, but by early next year the situation could be very different. For the reasons mentioned above, the mathematics of Republican survival will have sunk in, and it is not impossible that a consensus could develop that Nixon, one way or another, has to go. If that consensus forms, events in Congress and in state party circles could move with shocking swiftness. With a President Ford, the 1974 scene could take on wholly new contours, and with Nixon gone candidates who are holding back now could leap forward. Republican officeholders are not on the whole a daring lot, but there may soon come a time when their inherent discretion works against Nixon rather than for him. □

GIFTED CHILDREN IN A BIND

VERNA TOMASSON

Contrary to the belief that "genius will out" and that smart kids get by on their own, the Office of Education reported to Congress in 1971 that more than 2 million above-average minds are languishing from want of attention in the country's elementary and high schools. The study found that services for the gifted and talented enjoy very low priority at the federal, state and most local levels of government and educational administra-

tion, that one-third or more of the known gifted receive no special instruction and that, as a result, these high-potential youngsters perform far below their capacity. The report says:

Gifted and talented children are, in fact, deprived and can suffer psychological damage and permanent impairment of their abilities to function well which is equal to or greater than the similar deprivation suffered by any other population with special needs.

Although almost every child can be regarded as gifted

at something, studies made for the 1971 report show that by conservative estimate 3 to 5 per cent of our schoolchildren exhibit outstanding abilities at an early age. These, singly or in combination, may appear as general intellectual ability, specific academic aptitude, creative or productive thinking, leadership ability, talent in the visual or performing arts, or psychomotor ability. Such traits are found in individuals from all backgrounds and levels of society: rich and poor, urban and rural, black, white, yellow and red.

Research done in the last fifty years indicates that the gifted have their own educational needs. Lewis Terman, a pioneer in the field, observed that the gifted can condense school requirements and cover them faster, with superior performance. They are advanced in their ability to deal with abstractions and symbols. State surveys show that more than half of the gifted children taught themselves to read before they entered school, some at the age of 2, more by the time they were 4. Their essays, as studied by Leta Stetter Hollingworth and others, suggest that they are more interested than other children of like age in social and ethical problems. They require less drill and can handle independent projects with less supervision. In short, expecting the gifted and the average to profit from the same curriculum is like requiring a race horse and a dray horse to eat the same food.

Gifted youths do not necessarily have an easy or satisfying life. Bored by the slow pace and intellectual confinement of a standardized curriculum, they often become troublemakers in the classroom, or join the dropout population. Mrs. Doris Burns of Dallas, Tex., is one of the parents who testified at the 1970 regional hearings on the gifted and talented. The story of frustration and conflict which she told is repeated again and again by other desperate parents throughout the country:

Before first grade [Marian] was exuberant over the thought of going to school and learning with the other kids. After the first grade, her opposition to the entire school idea grew steadily. By the third grade, she turned to out-and-out tears of despair each day. . . .

By the sixth grade, she had simply stopped performing altogether in school. I was told that she was retarded, brain damaged, abused, had emotional problems and that I had caused all those evils by some nameless mistake, or that I was pushing her too hard and keeping her from adjusting to her peers.

A visit to a psychiatrist showed that the child exhibited a Stanford-Binet intelligence test score "in the top half of the top bracket." The doctor also said she was highly creative and retreated to a fantasy world when thwarted and confused. The school refused to accept the psychiatrist's findings, being more impressed by the fact that Marian was failing 7th grade math, rather than by the fact that she delighted in working compound trigonometry fractions and was attempting to write her own math textbook. Caught in the conflict between home and school, the child developed a psychosomatic illness and had to be hospitalized for several weeks. At that point, Mr. and Mrs. Burns began to

Verna Tomasson is a teacher and free-lance writer.

wonder if they were alone in their dilemma. The president of the Texas Association for the Mentally Retarded told them that it *frequently* finds extremely gifted individuals among its children—which is understandable, since one of the techniques the gifted child uses to rebel against courses it considers silly, is to pretend not to understand.

Ralph and Marjorie Lynn, who live on a farm outside West Des Moines, Iowa, are pushing for a regional school for the gifted because of problems they encountered with their four children. Their son coasted easily through elementary and high school with comparatively high grades. His guidance counselor suggested that he major in engineering at college. The work at college, however, proved more difficult than he expected; he failed math, and had to change his major. He is still not sure what field to pursue.

In order to prevent this from happening to their three daughters, the Lynns made tremendous personal sacrifices. They paid tuition in private school for the oldest daughter, because the country school had strict age regulations and would not take her when she was ready. At one point husband and wife had to live apart so that their middle daughter could go to high school in the city. Although she had an I.Q. of 156, she had been doing "C" work in the country school and the teacher complained that she was biting her nails and daydreaming. The Lynns are now pouring money into extracurricular lessons for their youngest daughter, because the West Des Moines schools offer no enrichment program.

Children not fortunate enough to have parents who recognize their abilities and persist in finding them appropriate educational facilities often suffer tragically. Because of their extreme sensitivity, many of these youngsters, made to feel that they are "different," develop emotional problems. The girls, especially, divert their abundant energies into disguising their talents, in order to be popular. Some, from disadvantaged environments, turn to drugs and other anti-social activities.

Although adults tend to seek out people who share their experiences and interests, most schools group children heterogeneously, expecting them to befriend everybody. In practice, however, the gifted choose to spend their work and play time with their mental peers.

Dr. Philip E. Kraus, who teaches a graduate course in "Psychology and Education of the Gifted" at Hunter College (and who once headed the now-abandoned IGC Project in New York City) maintains that heterogeneous grouping has not been correctly evaluated, since only math and reading tests are used and these are not good indicators of individual differences. He cites Elizabeth Drew's paper, "Creativity and Self Concepts," which shows children to be far more creative in homogeneous groups—and more modest. "A child who is at the top of his class without working hard, has an unreal idea of what he can really do," Dr. Kraus said. "He should be able to read a poem to his class without either being laughed at or called a genius."

Teachers of exceptionally bright children do not have to be unusually gifted themselves, but they must be able to respect those who are. Only twelve colleges

throughout the United States offer graduate programs in Education of the Gifted. Untrained teachers cannot spot gifted students and would be unable to provide them with challenge and stimulation if they did.

The overwhelming majority of parents who testified at the 1970 regional hearings reported that most teachers were openly hostile to and fearful of outstanding pupils and set themselves up in power struggles with the gifted child. No program, however innovative, can succeed with teachers who are willing to accept the retarded but who put "gifted" in quotes, unable to admit that extraordinary intelligence even exists.

In a speech he gave last spring before the First International Conference on the Gifted and Talented, Harold C. Lyons, director of the H.E.W. Office of the Gifted and Talented, pointed out the need for guidance—both psychological and vocational.

Many schools feel that a program of generally high intellectual quality fulfills the needs of bright youngsters, but cognitive learning, Dr. Lyons said, must be integrated with emotional experience. Although to outsiders, many gifted children appear "haughty," their self-imposed standards often give them feelings of deep inferiority. They must learn to cope, too, with the open hostility of schoolmates and teachers. Career training for the gifted is also important, Dr. Lyons emphasized, because these many-faceted youngsters are often confused and discouraged by an excess of choices.

The Fleischmann Commission (New York State) report in 1972 recommended an early identification of gifted youngsters, so that they could be channeled into enriched programs. This has not yet been implemented. In addition to the will, we need the way. The observations of teachers and school personnel cannot be depended on. When asked by the U.S. Office of Education to give the number of gifted and talented children in their schools, more than half the schools reported *none*, a statistical impossibility. Nor are I.Q. tests reliable, since they do not identify the creative child or the disadvantaged child whose skills are nonverbal.

Paul Torrance at the University of Georgia is working on ways to identify gifted black youngsters. He finds that a sense of humor is a good indication of intelligence, and also that youngsters can usually identify the gifted among them, when asked such questions as "Who would you choose to be the leader of your group," or "If you had a hard problem to figure out, who would you ask for help?" The federal Office of Education has awarded a grant for a study of methods of identifying gifted Chicano youngsters.

Roger Ming, consultant on the gifted for New York State, calls the prevailing reluctance to be concerned for the gifted child "a misapplication of democratic theory." Although we grant that Mark Spitz swims better than most, and that Lew Alcindor plays better basketball, few will admit that some people are smarter than others or have special mental abilities. There is fear, Mr. Ming says, that we will develop an intellectual elite.

After Russia sent up the first Sputnik in 1957, there was a flurry of interest in programs for the gifted, stimulated by Admiral Rickover who felt that our military

superiority was at stake. Most of these programs were geared to the applied sciences, with the focus not on what the government could do for the gifted but what the gifted could do for the government.

Then the civil rights battles of the 1960s changed our priorities, and the educational spotlight turned on the "disadvantaged." Minorities looked at "tracking" in the schools and saw they were not represented at the highest levels. Instead of asking why, they attacked ability-group segregation, and tracking became a dirty word.

Judging from the subject matter in the professional literature, the current educational emphasis is placed on helping the physically handicapped and the mentally retarded. No one begrudges them their due, but fewer articles are written today about what Harold C. Lyons has called "the other minority," those with superior skills, than were found ten years ago or even in the 1930s and 1940s. Perhaps with our national pride hurt by wars and scandals, it is more soothing to take pity rather than to give respect.

Many people assume that education for the gifted means a return to a caste system, but experimental programs have proved this assumption unwarranted. Some of the patterns which were found successful in working with the gifted include: acceleration (grade skipping or early entrance to kindergarten or 1st grade); ability grouping (children spend most of the time with their age group, but are placed in some classes such as reading and math according to ability level. They are allowed to move from one "step" to the next as they progress. This is now being done in many schools in New York State); individualized instruction (study hall or recess period is replaced by special tutoring); enrichment (field trips and extra cultural experiences); acceleration of content (4th graders given 6th-grade materials). The Talcott Mountain Science Center in Connecticut, and the workshops run by the Gifted Child Society of New Jersey, use an apprenticeship system, whereby outstanding children study with experts in their fields of interest.

America is a Scrooge when it comes to spending money on its future leaders and professionals. Twenty-one states have legislation on the books authorizing programs for the gifted and talented, but in most cases this is no more than an expression of intent. In only four states—California, Connecticut, Georgia and Illinois—are programs in actual operation. The federal role is almost nonexistent: in Region 2, which covers New York State, New Jersey, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, federal allocations for the gifted for fiscal 1974 are coming out of the budget for the handicapped!

Whenever the education budget is cut (and Mr. Nixon recommends slashing it again by \$400 million), the first "frills" to go are music, art, drama, science—the very programs the gifted need to pursue their special interests. Private agencies have had difficulty raising money for this cause. At least ten nationwide volunteer organizations raise money for the handicapped and mentally retarded. Dr. Norman J. Mirman, who heads what is trying to be the National Association for the Gifted and Talented, says that the response he gets is, "What, you want me to cry over a bunch of geniuses?"

There is, however, some evidence of a new interest.

Carol Wolverton, a New York City teacher who two years ago helped organize the Gifted Children Research Institute, says that one of the greatest problems has been lack of communication among people working in the field. She mentions a group of concerned parents in California who wrote to her for information, totally unaware that less than 30 miles from them a similar parent group had been in operation for ten years.

One big advance has been the establishment this year, under a grant from the Office of Education, of a National Clearinghouse for the Gifted and Talented as part of the Council for Exceptional Children. The Clearinghouse will respond to requests for information (so far, it has been receiving about thirty-five a day) and will help to provide curriculum materials. It is preparing a list of existing programs and courses.

The newly created Office of the Gifted and Talented (H.E.W.), which advocates but cannot allocate, recently sponsored a National State Leadership Training Institute at Squaw Valley, Calif. Educators met there with representatives of eighteen states to encourage and direct the formation of programs. Dr. Irving Sato, director of the institute, called the meeting a "great success" and said that the plan is to hold such conferences annually, so that eventually all the states can be reached.

Hearings were held at the end of June on a bill introduced by Sen. Jacob Javits (R., N.Y.) which would provide federal assistance in four areas:

- (1) Support for the National Clearinghouse.
- (2) Funding through state programs for the gifted and talented, in public schools from elementary through high school.
- (3) Training of teachers and personnel.
- (4) Research and demonstration projects.

Similar legislation has been introduced by Dominick Daniels (D., N.J.) in the House. In his introductory remarks, Javits said: "To provide what our nation's gifted and talented children and youth need, when they need it, and in the manner they need it, is an investment in human resources that will benefit not only the gifted but our society for decades to come."

Educators are concerned that new programs for the gifted should not become just another educational fad, but rather an ongoing concept based on respect for the individual needs of every person in our society.

"Many people feel that when you give to one group, you have to take away from another," observed Gina Ginsberg, executive director of The Gifted Child Society in New Jersey. "But why should that be so? We don't want to take away from anybody. We just feel that, now our country has met its quantitative goal—every child who should be in school is in school—we should concentrate on the *quality* of education. There cannot be equal education for all, since everyone is different. But there can be appropriate education for all."

One major step toward appropriate education has been the introduction of open classroom teaching. When several activities are going on simultaneously in a classroom, children will choose what interests them, and good teachers can use the situation for individualized instruction. Good *teams* can make such instruction even better.

Hunter, Antioch and other colleges are experimenting with independent study programs, the students earning credit by pursuing their own projects. High schools and primary schools may want to offer independent study to boys and girls who complete the required work swiftly. If it does not become synonymous with solitary confinement, but includes guidance and encouragement, independent study can be an important way to meet special educational needs within the comprehensive school system.

The question is not whether we should put the education of the gifted above and against others with severe needs. The mere fact that this suggestion arises shows how well Americans have adjusted to the divide-and-conquer psychology. The real question is: shall we encourage every student, swift or slow, to reach full potential? ☐

LETTERS (Continued from page 674)

five areas, each emphasizing the relevance of self-management to North American experience. These are: (1) self-management and public policy; (2) self-management and labor unionism; (3) self-management and the local community; (4) establishing self-managed enterprises directly (experiments in work democracy); and (5) world experience with self-management. Interested readers may obtain information from Ms. Van Sell or by communicating with the undersigned.

David Garson

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on not joining Saroyan

Downers Grove, Ill.

DEAR SIR: "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em," says William Saroyan [*The Nation*, Nov. 12]. "Destroying the Individual" was the saddest thing I have ever read from a great writer. I wonder how many readers got down to "What is this wonderful alternative?" In the final quarter of the piece Saroyan does give some meaningful choices, but the horrible despair of the major thrust of the piece is depressing. . . .

Americans in abject enslavement? No. At least not the 40 per cent who voted for McGovern and the millions of others who would not vote for anyone. And damned few of us fall into the categories of spies, procurers or false witnesses.

America's failure is not in the people but in the leaders. Not just the obvious jerk like Nixon, but leader after leader who puts on the good face and in the last analysis fails for lack of humility. It's as simple as that: our leaders completely lack real humility. . . .

It is ridiculous to call our officials public servants because they insist on being waited on hand and foot. No man is a leader because he basks in the pomp and circumstance enjoyed by either a Nixon or a Kennedy. The instant our leader is elected to office he begins to cut himself off from the people. Our so-called leaders are the worst of what Saroyan calls joiners, or those who sell out. But why jump on the average man? Let us hope William Saroyan will come back soon with something happier than his, "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em."

William M. Wilkerson

correction

In an editorial entitled, "The Clamor for Resignation" [Nov. 19], *The Nation* reported that the *Atlanta Journal* was among the newspapers that had recently called for the resignation of President Nixon. This statement was based on an Associated Press story which was printed in *The New York Times*. Recently, the AP sent out a correction to the effect that this reference to the *Atlanta Journal* was mistaken. The paper has not called for the resignation of the President.

The Editors

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Parable of the Figure in the Carpet

THE NEW YORK CITY BALLET. By Lincoln Kirstein. Photographs by Martha Swope and George Platt Lynes. Alfred A. Knopf. 261 pp. \$25.

NANCY GOLDNER

In describing the preparations for a Balanchine ballet called *Figure in the Carpet*, Lincoln Kirstein writes one of his many fables:

Now Dr. Pope showed us an extraordinary construct laid out on a big table. At first sight it appeared to be a scrupulously rendered reduction of the interlace of a famous Ardabil rug. However, it was not painted on a single surface, but rather on half a dozen transparent plastic sheets. Each represented a separate system in the design, and when they were placed in the combined order of the rug's all-but-illegible intricacy, they vibrated as a single rich whole. A map of warp and woof, when "the figure in the carpet" was thus analyzed and demonstrated, it no longer seemed a confused vibration of quivering fields of color on one plane, but a chart in dimensional depth of a formal garden which supported a life of its own. . . . The diagrammatic carpet which Dr. Pope demonstrated to our designer, Esteban Francés, was transformed into dances framed as a Franco-Persian court fete. They suggested the age in which the arabesque of Islamic ornament wove itself into Western European fashion and design, just as the *arabesque*, our ballet position, fixed the place of Islam in a royal academy of dancing at Versailles.

Kirstein's *The New York City Ballet* is a map of the warp and woof of what has become one of America's few theatrical institutions. It is his singular vision of what a history of the City Ballet could be like. Singular because he brought the company into being and is its director, but more so because he here presents the City Ballet as a life of the mind, his own. A standard account of the company would necessarily center on George Balanchine and his enduring ballets; *Figure in the Carpet*, however, was short-lived. In fact, most of the ballets to which Kirstein devotes more than a few words were short-lived,

yet the book is essentially about the striving toward stability, endurance, institutionalization—in short, repertory. What Kirstein offers is the history underpinning the figure in the carpet, the Balanchine repertory. Although he could be criticized for de-emphasizing the central issue, the book is finally a triumph because Kirstein makes the underpinnings take on complete form and substance in their own right.

Once it is understood that this book is about everything but Balanchine (except at the deepest level, for what is good for Kirstein is good for Balanchine), it becomes the loveliest of ironies that Balanchine could hardly have known that in choreographing *Figure in the Carpet* he was giving physical life to Kirstein's intellectual one—that he was bringing together Eastern and Western arabesques, or that the title of the ballet had less to do with the set than with Henry James. The ballet was given in 1960. In 1934, Kirstein tells us, the literary magazine *Hound & Horn*, of which Kirstein was an editor, paid tribute to James with the idea of reviving interest in the "intricate patterns of his fiction." "The figure in the carpet," a phrase James had used, stuck in Kirstein's mind. Hence, the Balanchine-Handel-Francés *Figure in the Carpet*.

That title is only one of the chains in the past-present. Kirstein takes pains to identify Dr. Arthur Upham Pope as the scholar who had guided Edward Warburg through Persia, and Warburg, as the reader of the book knows well at this point, was Kirstein's first financial collaborator in the Balanchine adventure. Esteban Francés was brought to Kirstein by the artist Pavel Tchelitchev. Tchelitchev was the man who told Kirstein, in the early 1930s, that if Kirstein's project to found an American ballet was serious, which it couldn't be, then there was only one possibility: Balanchine. Always there is a tying in. Everything and everybody has a significance in the vibrating whole known as the New York City Ballet. Kirstein's text is thus an iconography of an institution.

An iconographic vision means that there are no accidents and no irrelevancies. There is, however, a central tension between the City Ballet as Kirsteinian metaphysics and as the creation of a single choreographer manifested

in a long, long list of ballets (see the book's helpful appendix). It is tempting to cast the two men into a cartoon; one imagines Balanchine, something of a simpleton, puttering away in the studio with carefully assorted limbs, while in strides Kirstein with dictionaries, statues and a history of the world in thirty-three words, to be dumped at Balanchine's feet. The early part of Kirstein's tale supports this picture to some extent. Kirstein lives in a world of composers, painters and literary types, while Balanchine is a vague figure who likes girls and fast cars and "throws money around like a drunken sailor." But then the images switch sides. Kirstein writes of himself as a drifter—wanting to paint, box, write, dance—while simultaneously Balanchine is actually making ballets, some of them great and one, *Apollo*, a masterpiece that survives to this day. Role playing is important because Kirstein loves drama. He infuses the book with it, especially in his funny, intense portraits of the oddballs he loves the most. Role playing is also important because it gives a person the freedom to do what he likes. This theory, Kirstein explains, became a personal code of action which made it possible for him to walk into a morass of political intrigue in European ballet in 1933 and formulate a plan whereby Balanchine could come to the United States to found a ballet school and company. (Balanchine's acceptance, which most writers have treated as a larkish decision, is brought down to solid ground by Kirstein, and constitutes one of the most illuminating parts of the book.) It was their single-minded hope for a permanent repertory company that brought Balanchine and Kirstein together, and that pervades Kirstein's historical tapestry. One of the book's beauties is that the original ideal always shines through. The tension that results from the two men's different personalities, backgrounds and interests is thus resolved without diminishing the inherent interest of tension. For what, after all, is the New York City Ballet? On the one hand it is an evening's entertainment: roughly 140 minutes and three or four ballets. On the other, it is a culmination of amazing people and amazing events.

Kirstein constructs the story in two tiers. One consists of dated entries in a diary, possibly imaginary. Following

Nancy Goldner studied under George Balanchine at the School of American Ballet. She writes regularly on dance for *The Nation*.

each diary entry is explication. The entries are telegraphic. Fortunately Kirstein dots and dashes the messages in full sentences, which conveys a tone of high energy without being overstylized. The diaries read as fiction, the extended commentaries as history. This two-pronged effect is one reason why the book is such fun to read. The other is the story itself. It begins with a performance Kirstein is not allowed to see because he is too young. It is a performance by Nijinsky and the Ballets Russes. Next comes a glimpse into the Bloomsbury world through the offices of his older sister, and through that group a glimpse into the Diaghilev world, whose Ballets Russes boasts the wife of Maynard Keynes. Also on the roster is Balanchine, choreographer and dancer. Next comes Muriel Draper, who introduces Kirstein into New York society and anti-society and who helps him decide what to do with his life. It is she who teaches him that for all practical purposes doing something *as if* it were so is just as good as doing it as if it *were* so. Back to Europe, where Kirstein sees the last Diaghilev season in 1929. Home to Boston (Harvard) and another foray into New York, where he studies ballet with Fokine, writes a book about him, and then collaborates with Romola Nijinsky on a biography of her husband, who is no longer dancing because of mental illness. Back to Europe in 1933, where he now knows painters, musicians and writers through his association with *Hound & Horn* and the Harvard Society of Contemporary Art, forerunner of the Museum of Modern Art. At this point the 26-year-old Kirstein knows he wants to create an American ballet. Virgil Thomson, Monroe Wheeler and others inform him about the current ballet scene. He sees Balanchine's company, Les Ballets 1933, and falls in love better than he fell in love before. Tchelitchev tells him that Balanchine "can't tell red from green" but though he's tasteless, he's not brainless. Edward Warburg's father has promised money, and Chick Austin promises a home at a new wing he's building for the Hartford Atheneum. The main problem is Balanchine; Kirstein writes, "I never know where he is." Finally they meet, in a kitchen. The rest is history, though not without some complications, such as Little Blue Bell's prediction that Balanchine will soon die of tuberculosis. Little Blue Bell? She is Romola Nijinsky's voice from the other world, transmitted through Ma Garrett, a medium.

The rest of the story is not as romantic and wild, but it does present the guts of the endeavor, for as Kirstein

points out, initiating is one thing and sustaining, another. What Kirstein makes historical landmarks are in many cases self-evidently so—such as the opening of the School of American Ballet; Balanchine's first ballet in America, *Serenade*; their American Ballet's disastrous encounter with the Metropolitan Opera; Kirstein's own company, Ballet Caravan; the formulation of Ballet Society; meeting Morton Baum, who turned the non-profit-and-proud-of-it but, alas, homeless company into the New York City Ballet; and the City Ballet's subsequent maturation into a world-renowned institution with a Ford Foundation grant and a proper home at Lincoln Center. Significantly, the book does not end on an already accomplished event, the 1972 Stravinsky Festival, but projects toward the future, the plans for the bicentennial celebration. There are, however, just as many personally appointed landmarks, whose significance rests on Kirstein's vision of the City Ballet as a repository of American culture and on his projection of his own morality.

The *Figure in the Carpet* description is one example. Those ballets Kirstein dwells most upon are the ones in which he most actively participated as collaborator. For them, he called upon the most distinguished American painters, composers and often librettists. He wanted to bring America's best culture under the banner of his ballet. How compatible this Diaghilevian concept was with Balanchine's frame is one of the most persistent and tension-filled aspects of the history, but suffice it to say that Kirstein was able to give his artistic vision fullest bent during the Ballet Caravan epoch, when Balanchine was working in Hollywood. The City Ballet's foreign tours might not be important in the long run, but the importance Kirstein gives them is perfectly consistent with his vision of the City Ballet as the exponent of the New Culture in a bad old world. Dag Hammarskjöld gets an entry chiefly because of Kirstein's delight that the City Ballet, as an exponent and perpetuator of civilized society, enjoys the blessings of the world's most civilized beings. As part of that concept, the City Ballet is under the patronage of enlightened political leaders; at least, Kirstein will give them the chance to be enlightened. He has done very well with Nelson Rockefeller, for example, and it may be that Rockefeller will have to use this book as his credentials for getting into heaven.

Kirstein is most impressive when he uses an event to expound his ethics, as when he decodes the meaning of the move to Lincoln Center. These moments best support the thesis that the City

Ballet is, in fact, more than Balanchine. They also clarify the connection between the City Ballet's survival and Kirstein's provocative, idiosyncratic and tough life principles. Here is Kirstein's method of operation, learned while he was in World War II:

I had enjoyed most of it, imitating Ulysses the polytrope, the sly fellow who passed, usually safely and anonymously, from one unlikely occasion to another. . . . This sort of behavior is easy enough in anarchic, chaotic, or extreme situations; hence the Army gave me a taste for exercises of simulacra of free will. I gained an illusion that I might do much as I wished so long as I knew what it was and analyzed the factors.

The association with the City Center is important for much, much more than its promise of bed and board:

We would never acquire much social status; we would never enjoy a well-heeled board of directors, or any legally independent status. The City Center stood in *loco parentis*, and we welcomed both the paternal advice and paternalistic patronage of Morton Baum. He did not wish to spend or waste time on cosmetic socializing, and he spared us the ennui of board interference. . . . We aspired to a popular policy; but that was not easy, since we were promulgating an aristocratic form of entertainment. But the idea of combining populist service and aristocratic quality appealed to Newbold Morris and Mrs. Lytle Hull, who after all were so secure in their long public services that they could discount the infrastructure of New York snobbery.

Here is the same crucial paradox, but in a different area:

To make attractive or impose what must be an aristocratic, elitist discipline upon an anarchic, permissive, heterogeneous source of material has been one of our school's chief problems and accomplishments. Such arbitrary powers emanating from a central authority separate the goats from the sheep, men from boys, ordinary girls from ballerinas. It is not a position or attitude which accommodates facile affection, mass popularity, or much comprehension from the multitude. It is not at all "democratic," but it has its own electorate. . . .

On the City Ballet's place in society:

Through hundreds of years in which order, security, stability, identity were expressed in a criterion of excellence maintained through the paradigm of public gardens, building, singing, dancing, standards were proclaimed by the location of peak excellence under peak patronage. . . . Lyric theater has been constantly carried as one more blazing decoration contributing to the visible glory of common wealth. In the process, the courtier's skill is no less

necessary than it always has been. A consciousness of its proper exercise can be gained through the pages of Machiavelli's *Prince*.

One of the most crazily charming offshoots of that world view is this tale:

My predilection for histrionics predisposed me to embrace a military ethos, even as ploughshares were turned into swords, and vice versa. And through my West Point contacts, we arranged for deputations of cadets to attend our performance at the State Theater on free weekends. They adorned our theater with immaculate dash and courtesy, like *chevaliers gardes* off duty, waiting on ballerinas at the Maryinsky.

Somehow I'd never thought of cadets that way, but now I see the possibilities. *The New York City Ballet* is utterly irresistible. Kirstein makes you believe that his company deserves no less than Socrates, and makes you understand the accomplishment of the City Ballet having survived in a society that would have killed him faster than Athens did. Even so, *The New York City Ballet* ought not to be regarded as Kirstein's most important book; actually, it is his least important. In his many other books and articles about art and dance he has done far more creative work by synthesizing seemingly disparate ideas and people and breaking up historically wedded ideas, cross-cutting history at original angles, creating new taxonomies by which to classify ballet and generally stirring up the juices by damning the praised, praising the damned, and sometimes by simply remembering the forgotten.

In Kirstein's *Movement & Metaphor* (1970) pictures of paintings and sculpture are placed side by side with pictures of ballets. Therein lies a whole new field of discovery and thought. The 450 and some photographs in *The New York City Ballet*, by George Platt Lynes and Martha Swope, are not meant to be instructive, and though I wish they were, I want to play fair. They are meant to be a complete record of the ballets, beginning with Balanchine's *Serenade* (1934) and ending with Jerome Robbins' *An Evening's Waltzes* (1973), which they are. They are meant to be beautiful, which they are. Nevertheless, their treatment still may provoke debate. Many of the photographs are actually figures cut out of photographs. We see the dancer, but not the dancer in space and light. Thus we see only half the picture. Perhaps only Balanchine and Balanchine dancers could have withstood such rigorous abstraction, as few choreographers make so many, varied linear structures and few dancers move so clearly and grandly. While I can appreci-

ate that in making the dancers look like figures on a Greek vase, homage was perhaps being paid to them and to Balanchine, I would have preferred for them to have been treated as flesh and blood, especially since Kirstein's text brings people to vital life. As for the book's design, there is no debate. It's garbage. As though an *arabesque* does not have sufficient intrinsic design, we get confusing montages of them. Fancy frames compete with the enframed action, while ballet titles, each of them a derring-do of typography and plastered all over the photographs, unhinge your eyeballs. Feet and fingers intentionally extend beyond the borders, so that often

the dancer's most exquisite feature is made to appear an intruder on the designer's master plan. Who is intruding upon whom, I ask! Fortunately, the book is not consistent. Some pictures are there to show off the dancers, and of these some give a good idea of why Kirstein has put his life into producing Balanchine.

Kirstein's more complete account of the year 1933, and some beautiful pictures of the relevant cast of characters, plus examples of Tchelitchev's work, appear in a magazine called *Dance Perspectives*, No. 54. This "slim volume" holds its own against its more comprehensive companion. □

ART BOOKS / Lawrence Alloway

INDIVIDUALS

(Arranged alphabetically by artist)

PIETER BRUEGEL: Complete Edition of the Paintings. By F. Grossman. Phaidon/Praeger Publishers. 32 color, 117 black-and-white illustrations. 208 pp. \$22.50.

Good, clear reproductions and an excellent text, partly on Bruegel, partly on his critical reputation. His polyphonic pictures yield marvelous details which have been very well selected.

CONSTABLE: Paintings, Drawings and Watercolors. By Basil Taylor. Phaidon/Praeger Publishers. 30 color, 191 black-and-white illustrations. 240 pp. \$25.

For years the canon of English landscape painting established by early writers was left unchanged, while art history became more professional everywhere else. Recently analytical methods have been brought to bear on Turner and Constable; Taylor's book is a sound example of renewed thought.

FRANCIS DANBY: Varieties of Poetic Landscape. By Eric Adams. Yale University Press. 6 color, 160 black-and-white illustrations. 208 pp. \$27.50.

This is a publication of the Paul Mellon Center for Studies in British Art, a foundation that has substantially advanced the definition of British art by studies of major artists (Paulson on Hogarth, Nicolson on Wright of Derby) and of less known artists (Robert Rines on Marcellus Laroon and Mary Webster on Francis Wheatly, for example). The romantic painter Danby is shown to be an individual of great character and subtlety, and is set in relation to the

genres of the period. A definitive work.

SONYA DELAUNAY: Rhythms and Colors. By Jacques Demase. New York Graphic Society. 75 color, 263 black-and-white illustrations. 412 pp. \$45.

Of the married couples who are artists, the Delaunays and the Arps are the best known; and in both cases the husband is the better known. This hefty book with numerous excellent illustrations, identifies Sonya Delaunay's art as both more vigorous and simpler than her husband's. The text is low on real insight but contains a great deal of necessary information about her art and her excursion into *art déco* fashion and theatre design.

FRANCISCO GOYA: Drawings. By Pierre Gassier. Praeger Publishers. 482 black-and-white illustrations. 654 pp. \$39.95.

Goya's beautiful drawings, excellently reproduced, grouped in the order of the original albums, provide the basis of a systematic study sharpened by Gassier's commentary on technique and imagery. Highly recommended.

GOYA IN PERSPECTIVE. Edited by Fred Licht. Prentice-Hall. 26 black-and-white illustrations. 192 pp. \$6.95. Paper \$2.45.

The first of a series called Artists in Perspective to be devoted to interpretative essays. Writers in the present book range from Gautier to E.H. Gombrich, but "Francisco Goya and the Crisis in Art around 1800" by Theodor Hetzer, originally published in Germany in 1950, steals the show.

EL GRECO 1541-1614. By José Gudiol. *The Viking Press.* 353 illustrations, including many color plates. 374 pp. \$38.50.

A solid text outlines El Greco's development, surrounded by plentiful reproductions that fish into the corners of the pictures for ardent, sensuous and spectacular details.

PAUL JENKINS. By Albert Elsen. Harry N. Abrams. 56 color, 115 black-and-white illustrations. 288 pp. \$35.

Elsen writes that an art historian dealing with a living artist should anticipate the questions that later generations might ask of him. This laudable intention, however, has to struggle against high-pitched praise in which Jenkins is elucidated or, rather, promoted by references to the Kabala, the *I Ching*, Jung, Gurdjieff, and Zen.

ELLSWORTH KELLY. By John Coplans. Harry N. Abrams. 68 color, 157 black-and-white illustrations. 304 pp. \$35.

On the one hand, a set of very handsome illustrations of an artist whose work adapts well to reproductive processes and, on the other hand, a scrupulous account of Kelly's development. Illustrations and text are not always in rapport, but it is unquestionably the best big monograph on a living artist this year.

LEONARDO. By Carlo Pedretti. University of California Press. 22 color, 177 black-and-white illustrations. 192 pp. \$10.95.

Author of several earlier studies of Leonardo, Pedretti has a command of his complex subject which enables him to condense problems into a readable text that presents a clear view of Leonardo's development and includes smoothly some of the writer's own pet notions.

MIRO IN THE COLLECTION OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART. By William Rubin. *The Museum of Modern Art.* 22 color, 44 black-and-white illustrations. 140 pp. \$15.

This catalogue is the fruit of accurate research and keen appreciation. The entries elucidate the works well, but perhaps Rubin wanted to do more. He nominates "Hirondelle Amour" as "Miró's consummate masterpiece" but such comments are out of place here. Masterpiece recognition, unsupported by argument, is not the proper subject for an institutional man writing on his own museum's holdings.

HENRY MOORE IN AMERICA. By Henry J. Seldis. *Praeger Publishers and the Los Angeles County Museum.* 12 color, numerous black-and-white illustrations. 283 pp. \$13.95.

Published on the occasion of an exhibition of Moore's work in Southern Californian collections, this gets my personal Oscar for the dullest art book of the year. A pedestrian writer discusses the American reputation of a stolid, rather than solid, sculptor.

PICASSO IN RETROSPECT. Edited by Roland Penrose and John Golding. *Praeger Publishers.* 30 color, more than 420 black-and-white illustrations. 283 pp. \$37.50.

For once a really interesting picture book on Picasso. Essays by Anglo-American writers mostly, notably Theodore Reff on the iconography of love and death in the early work, and Robert Rosenblum, who has read the newspaper clippings and labels stuck into Cubist collages with informative results.

RAPHAEL. By John Pope-Hennessy. *New York University Press.* 6 color, 240 black-and-white illustrations. 304 pp. \$15.

This inexpensive book records the Wrightsman Lectures for 1970. Raphael is being tackled again by art historians no longer swamped by his 19th-century fame. To the chapters on Raphael in S.J. Freedberg's *Painting of the High Renaissance* and John Shearman's *Raphael's Cartoons* can be added this lucid study of Raphael's development. Appended is a fascinating chapter on "Post-Raphaelitism," dealing with the ramification of his influence.

REYNOLDS. By Ellis Waterhouse. *Phaidon/Praeger Publishers.* 16 color, 123 black-and-white illustrations. 192 pp. \$25.

Waterhouse, who has contributed so much to the post-Duveen study of British 18th-century portraiture, writes on Sir Joshua Reynolds a book whose smoothness and brevity rest on a settled command of the subject.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN: A Documentation. By Bernhard Leitner. *Nova Scotia College of Art and Design Press.* Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 128 pp. \$9.95.

In the 1920s Wittgenstein built a house for his sister and its inch-by-inch recording is the subject of this book. A text by the sister, Hermine Wittgenstein, is in-

cluded, along with photographs of geometric subtleties of high appeal. Strongly recommended.

ARTISTS' WRITINGS

SALT SELLER: The Writings of Marcel Duchamp. Edited by Michel Sanouillet and Elmer Peterson. *Oxford University Press.* Black-and-white illustrations. 196 pp. \$10.95.

This book includes the verbal material associated with "The Bride Stripped Bare by her Bachelors, Even," already available in English, as well as a group of short and, on the whole, trivial later puns and occasional pieces. Other translations are more useful for the important early writings, but Hamilton's is rare and Schwarz's expensive, so the handy size of this book may make it welcome.

RING PIECE. By Geoff Hendricks. *Something Else Press.* 79 pp. Paper \$1.95.

In 1971 Hendricks did a twelve-hour meditation piece at the New York Avant-garde Festival. These are the notes he made while seated on "a mound of black earth, writing in a small, dark red, sketch book/journal." Gives insight into performance art which should facilitate our future encounters with such occasions.

FUNCTIONS OF PAINTING. By Fernand Léger. Edited by Edward F. Fry. *The Documents of 20th Century Art.* The Viking Press. 221 pp. \$10. Paper \$4.50.

Léger's writings are characterized by his acute sense of the vernacular aspects of Modern art, which he located in a spectrum that includes mass production and individual storekeepers' window dressing. His incisive texts do more than illuminate his own art, though they do that; they are related to the continuing interests of Pop art in our own ever more mechanized environment.

MATISSE ON ART. By Jack D. Flam. *Phaidon/Praeger Publishers.* 49 black-and-white illustrations. 200 pp. \$12.50.

It turns out that Matisse has written or been interviewed enough times to make a book, just. Flam's commentary might have been tightened up, but this is a very useful book to add to the growing literature of artists' writings which publishers are making available at present. Matisse's observations on New York City and on the South Seas are particularly shrewd.

MORE SKY. By Otto Piene. M.I.T. Press. Numerous color and black-and-white illustrations. 237 pp. \$27.50. Paper \$9.95.

An expanded version of a vivid book originally published by the artist himself in 1970. It is an exploration of art and environmental interfaces, with a particular stress on the uses of air, including an inventory of flags, windsocks, balloons, kites, sky ballets, and wind sculptures.

DAVID SMITH. Edited by Garnett McCoy. *Documentary Monographs in Modern Art.* Praeger Publishers. 62 black-and-white illustrations. 231 pp. \$13.50.

This is the second collection of Smith's writings (the other is *Smith on Smith*, edited by Cleve Gray, 1969). It includes also a couple of interviews and three critical essays. It is the fifth in a series started some years ago, but proceeding, for some reason, very slowly, and that's too bad.

FUTURIST MANIFESTOS. Edited by Umbro Apollonio. *The Documents of 20th Century Art.* The Viking Press. 8 color, 140 black-and-white illustrations. 232 pp. \$12.50. Paper \$6.50.

The manifestos of Futurism, ardently urban, passionately pro-industrial, have not been available in a single English-language volume before. Essential reading for anybody interested in early 20th-century art and in the man-made environment today.

ONE-PICTURE BOOKS

GERICAULT'S RAFT OF THE MEDUSA. By Lorenz Eitner. Phaidon/Praeger Publishers. 158 black-and-white illustrations. 176 pp. \$35.

Detailed account of the original shipwreck, Géricault's different ideas for visualizing it, and finally the way in which the chosen episode was built up. The wealth of the studies and related material permit a singularly close view of a past artist at work. The book is an outstanding demonstration of what can be done with the one-painting/one-book form.

COURBET: The Studio of the Painter. By Benedict Nicolson. The Viking Press. 53 black-and-white illustrations. 98 pp. \$7.95. **DAVID: Brutus.** By Robert L. Herbert. 62 black-and-white illustrations. 160 pp. \$7.95. **DUCHAMP: The Bride Stripped Bare by her Bachelors, Even.** By John Golding. 62 black-and-white illustrations. 116 pp. \$7.50. **FUSELI:**

The Nightmare. By Nicolas Powell. 55 black-and-white illustrations. 120 pp. \$7.50. **GOYA: The Third of May, 1808.** By Hugh Thomas. 59 black-and-white illustrations. 112 pp. \$7.50. **MUNCH: The Scream.** By Reinhold Heller. 50 black-and-white illustrations. 128 pp. \$7.50. **VAN EYCK: The Ghent Altarpiece.** By Elisabeth Dhanens. 77 black-and-white illustrations. 154 pp. \$8.95. **WATTEAU: A Lady at her Toilet.** By Donald Posner. 52 black-and-white illustrations. 112 pp. \$7.95. Each volume in the *Art In Context* series contains a color plate.

The practice of taking one work of art and assigning it unique status raises as many problems as it solves. Is the chosen work really more representative than another would be? Would any work do for this approach? Herbert studies David's painting as part of the cult of Brutus as hero in the French Revolution; Posner emphasizes the erotic tradition to which a Watteau nude belongs; and Heller sets Munch's "Scream" into its late 19th-century context. Dhanens, Golding, and Nicolson remain tied to the work under discussion, and their texts are plodding exegeses. Thomas and Powell merely amble around their subject on a loose associative principle.

GROUPS, MOVEMENTS (Arranged alphabetically by author)

THE BARBIZON SCHOOL OF 19th CENTURY FRENCH LANDSCAPE PAINTING. By Jean Bouret. New York Graphic Society. 45 color, 245 black-and-white illustrations. 271 pp. \$30.

The revival of the Barbizon School, of which Robert Herbert's *Barbizon Revisited*, ten years ago, was an early flower, continues, salvaging the painters from a discredited phase of taste, raising them to the light of art history. Excellent copious illustrations which, among other things, should contribute to improving Jean-François Millet's reputation.

RAVENNA. By Giuseppe Bovini. Harry N. Abrams. 60 color, 79 black-and-white illustrations. 212 pp. \$45.

The dozen main mosaic groups of the city are well illustrated in this picture book: black-and-white photographs of the architectural wholes accompanied by details in color. The Mausoleum of Galla Placidia doesn't seem blue enough but otherwise the plates are first-rate.

THE NEW PATRONS OF THE ARTS. By Gideon Chagy. Harry N. Abrams. 6 color, 133 black-and-white illustrations. 160 pp. \$10.

The book is described as dual purpose: to show corporations the value of art patronage and to introduce artists to corporate largesse. The book is actually publicity for the donors and is laid out like a company report. However, it contains interesting information on the extent of business support of the arts, from sculpture in banks to outdoor concerts, though the subject requires more analysis than Chagy gives it.

IMAGE OF THE PEOPLE: Gustave Courbet and the Second French Republic, 1848-51. By T. J. Clark. New York Graphic Society. 7 color, 43 black-and-white illustrations. 208 pp. \$15. **THE ABSOLUTE BOURGEOIS:** Artists and Politics in France 1948-51. New York Graphic Society. 10 color, 99 black-and-white illustrations. 224 pp. \$15.

Concentrating on the Second Republic, Clark brings art-historical techniques to bear on a period that enables him to demonstrate the reality of politics, not as something in the background but as a constituent of art. Courbet, Millet, Daumier and Delacroix are all examined with rigor and insight. Dim illustrations, but most of the art under discussion is famous anyway. Strongly recommended.

ART AND THE FUTURE. By Douglas Davis. Praeger Publishers. Numerous color and black-and-white illustrations. 208 pp. \$20.

For some reason, Tech Art seems to generate in its supporters a bland view of art and society, in which no particular works of art amount to much but the whole tendency of artists to use recent technology is condoned in principle. This is just another thin, approving overview.

AMERICAN NEO-CLASSIC SCULPTURE: The Marble Resurrection. By William H. Gerdts. The Viking Press. 179 black-and-white illustrations. 160 pp. \$15.95.

An iconographical survey of such topics as Eve, Sappho, Hand and Foot Sculptures, Animals. Gerdts's command of detail is excellent and the book proceeds briskly, like a well-conducted lecture. Good bibliography.

ART AND SEXUAL POLITICS. Edited by Thomas B. Hess and Elizabeth C. Baker. Collier Books. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 150 pp. \$1.95.

This book is a reprint of the now rare issue of *Art News* (January 1971) devoted to women's art. It includes some interesting statements by women not quite ready three years ago to relate

their art to women's liberation, and, more significantly, Linda Nochlin's "Why Have There Been No Great Women Artists?" Updated illustrations.

CHINOISERIE. By Hugh Honour. Harper & Row. 144 black-and-white illustrations. 294 pp. Paper \$5.95.

A peaceable stylistic study of Baroque and Rococo Chinoiserie, viewed not as a corruption of Oriental art but as a European invention. The style is traced through porcelain, tapestries, gardens, its anti-classicism persistent behind a screen of frivolity.

THE SYMBOLISTS. By Philippe Jullian. Phaidon/Praeger Publishers. 49 color, 164 black-and-white illustrations. 240 pp. \$29.50.

This is Jullian's second book on the subject and he continues to reproduce extraordinary pictures, erotic and phantasmal, somewhere between *Les fleurs du mal* and Rider Haggard's *She*. His text, however, for all his familiarity with the 1890s, is as facile and indistinct as ever.

CUBISM/FUTURISM. By Max Kozloff. Charterhouse Books. 92 black-and-white

illustrations. 234 pp. \$9.95.

A salutary review of our fixed ideas concerning both movements. In addition, the author has looked closely at all the well-known pictures, coming up with readings far more accurate and sensitive than those they displace. Especially remarkable is his defense of the formerly Philistine idea that Cubism goes in for distortion (in "Cubism and the Human Comedy"). Highly recommended.

PAINTING AT COURT. By Michael Levey. New York University Press. 7 color, 193 black-and-white illustrations. 228 pp. \$15.

A study of court art, less as a recurrent form than as a changing institution that came to its peak in the 17th century and tapered to zero in this century. Like other British art historians, Levey maintains a fondness for the intersection of power and art, which gives his articulate book a slightly nostalgic tone. It follows that he is unable to cope with the democratization of the Victorian court.

SIX YEARS: The Dematerialization of the Art Object from 1966 to 1972. Edited and annotated by Lucy R. Lip-

pard. Praeger Publishers. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 272 pp. \$5.95.

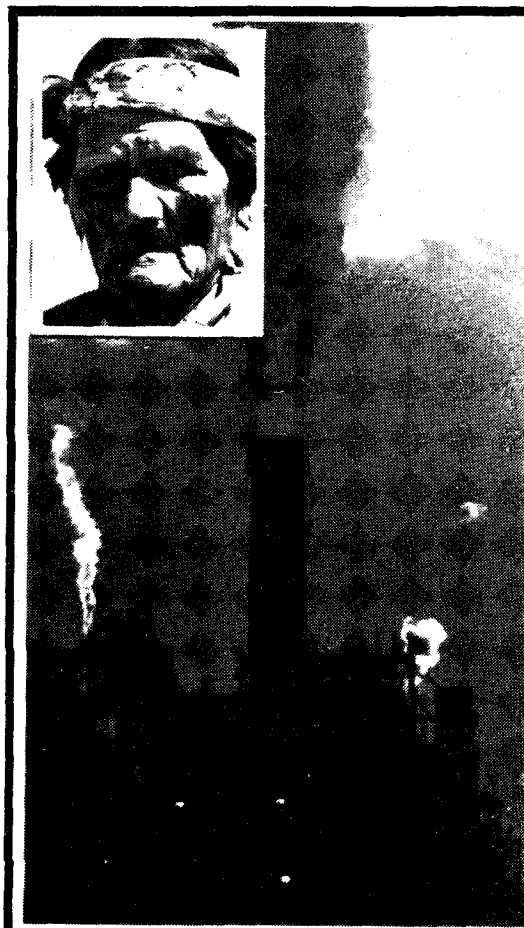
A selection of unevaluated bibliographical references and excerpted documentary art works arranged chronologically, with an index by Carl Andre that is less a guide to using the book than a conceptual art work itself.

AFRICAN ART: The Years Since 1920. By Marshall Ward Mount. Indiana University Press. 3 color, 97 black-and-white illustrations. 236 pp. \$12.50.

A survey of an unfamiliar region so far as art is concerned. The author concentrates not on traditional art but on works with "an African-cum-Western art school background." This means in effect a mingling of awkward "modern" formalization with stereotyped indigenous subject matter.

THE HISTORY OF IMPRESSIONISM. By John Rewald. The Museum of Modern Art. 82 color, 541 black-and-white illustrations. 672 pp. \$27.50.

The fourth edition of the book is fatter and more informative than ever. As a part of Rewald's common-sense ap-



Culture & land vs. Money & power.

It could be the same old story: the despoiling of sacred Hopi Indian land, water and air at Black Mesa in northeastern Arizona to supply Los Angeles with power. But it isn't. Because aroused Indian and environmentalists have determined to make Black Mesa "the focus of perhaps the greatest ecological crisis of our decade."

Suzanne Gordon's book is "the most dramatic environmental book of recent seasons, something in the tradition of Rachel Carson's 'Silent Spring.'" (William Hogan, *San Francisco Chronicle*). Filled with pertinent, biting facts and as *Publishers Weekly* puts it, with "photographs that are alternately beautiful and appalling," it is a book no American will ever forget.

BLACK MESA The Angel of Death

By SUZANNE GORDON
Photographs by ALAN COPELAND

\$4.95 paperback, \$8.95 cloth

THE JOHN DAY CO. An Intext Publisher 
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proach he has nothing to say about the meaning of the art he discusses, unfortunately, but as an almost day-by-day account of a movement his study is unrivaled, no less now than when it first appeared in 1946.

'73-'74' AN ANNUAL OF NEW ART AND ARTISTS. By William Sandberg. Harry N. Abrams. 50 color, more than 350 black-and-white illustrations. 208 pp. \$12.50.

The book is described as a "deluxe 'tip-sheet'" and I cannot improve on that except to add that the tips are slanted, the information scrappy and the presentation vulgar. The contents propose a false internationalism of Conceptual art, performance pieces, and Expressionism.

SOCIAL REALISM: Art as a Weapon. Edited by David Shapiro. Frederick Ungar. Black-and-white illustrations. 340 pp. \$12.

What seemed a few years ago the style least likely to be revived, Social Realism, is reappearing. Shapiro's anthology, though meagerly illustrated, reprints documents of the 1930s, WPA and independent, by artists and critics, that raise not only past but present interests. To what extent is social significance, 1930s' style, to be reconciled with the stirring of the conscience of the 1970s? Recommended.

CHIAROSCURO. By Walter L. Strauss. New York Graphic Society. 180 two-color illustrations. 393 pp. \$25.

Chiaroscuro woodcuts are made with multiple blocks to obtain tonal variations beyond the on/off decisions possible in line engraving. They make a compact group in the history of prints (Strauss restricts himself to 16th- and 17th-century North European examples), as well as lending themselves agreeably to two-color reproduction. A highly attractive book.

THE MEETING OF EASTERN AND WESTERN ART. By Michael Sullivan. New York Graphic Society. 12 color, 147 black-and-white illustrations. 296 pp. \$16.50.

Survey of two-way cultural contact. It is useful to have precise contacts charted in an area that has been the subject of much evocative and quasi-mysterious discourse.

CRITICISM

THE AESTHETICS OF FREUD. By

Jack J. Spector. Praeger Publishers. 34 black-and-white illustrations. 242 pp. \$8.95.

First-rate study covering both Vienna's influence on Freud and Freud's on artists. Spector ranges from discussion of the ways in which Freud's theories were absorbed by our culture to specific cases, such as his convincing gloss on René Magritte's painting "The Rape." Highly recommended.

STENDHAL AND THE ARTS. Edited by David Wakefield. Phaidon/Praeger Publishers. 36 black-and-white illustrations. 164 pp. \$12.50.

It is interesting to have an anthology of Stendhal as a writer on art, but the excerpts are fragmented and skimpy. The editor would have been better advised to reprint longer selections (the type is widely spaced and the pages have enormous margins, incidentally), and to trust more in the curiosity and patience of the monolingual reader. □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

This has been a curious season, at least as far as New York's continuing musical institutions are concerned. The absence of the Philharmonic has been keenly felt—not only in terms of the focus that its regular concerts provide but also in terms of repertory, for we have missed Jacob Druckman's *Windows*, Schoenberg's *Ode to Napoleon* and Piano Concerto, the première of Peter Mennin's Eighth Symphony and a score by the late German composer Bernd Alois Zimmermann, as well as a first hearing of Wagner's *Faust Overture* in its original 1840 form. Another element of the Philharmonic's "Faust" cycle, Berlioz's *Damnation*, was a less serious loss—it was played here last season by Solti, and again this October by Ozawa and the Boston Symphony (I missed the latter, but a recording has been made by Deutsche Grammophon). One hopes that some of these events can be rescheduled, now that the strike is resolved.

On the operatic front, the City Opera's abbreviated season seemed even shorter than it actually was, with all the premières shoved into a single week, while the Metropolitan's repertory remained virtually stagnant throughout October and November, presumably to clear time for the massive effort of *Les Troyens* and, more recently, for the welcome if

not entirely satisfactory revival of Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeri*, for which Marilyn Horne's witty and virtuosic embodiment of the heroine was the evident and sufficient justification.

Like many comic operas, *L'Italiana* tends to wind down in musical concentration after the plot has reached maximum viscosity—the second act has good moments, but never again reaches the inspired lunacy of the first-act finale. Consequently, the decision to rely on a rather spare unit set seemed unwise: at just the point when a bit of visual variety would have helped the opera over its inherent difficulties, we had become quite thoroughly bored with the large, pallid Moorish room.

There were some other miscalculations in Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's production, but much cleverness as well: indeed, some of the visual gags even paid their respects to the score. Still, if Luigi Alva is operating with only a thin edge of vocal resource, his sense of Rossinian timing and phrasing remains treasurable; he knows just where to lean on a beat to launch a burst of coloratura, and just how to come in for a three-point landing at its end. If only conductor Gabor Ötvös had been as skilled: when one of his soloists (including Fernando Corena's authoritative if roughly sung Mustafâ; although hardly Theodore Uppman's flabby Taddeo or Gene Boucher's drastically inadequate Haly) took charge, Rossini could sparkle, but in the ensembles there was no central point of authority. (Unfortunately, the best recording of *L'Italiana*, Giulini's Angel set, is out of print; London OSA-1375 has the virtues of Alva and Corena. Teresa Berganza's fine Isabella, and less-than-incisive leadership from Varviso—which, however, never sinks to the extremes of Ötvös' tepid work.)

For orchestral literature, we have had to depend on visitors, including the special pleasure of the Leningrad Philharmonic (Carnegie Hall, October 25 and November 18), which proved dazzling in ensemble, not quite as consistent in solo work; naturally, the Russian preference for vibrato in brass tone was much in evidence. Gennady Rozhdestvensky may be the least demonstrative conductor of his generation, but his off-hand gestures certainly brought results. I had missed Shostakovich's Symphony No. 15 at its first local performance last year, but that can hardly have surpassed the Leningrad's whiplash reading of the fast movements, its smoothly balanced, tension-filled playing in the slow movements. The sequence of tempos (fast-slow-fast-slow) is unconventional even for Shostakovich, the emotional import obscured rather than clarified by explicit

but unexplained quotations from Rossini and Wagner. One can hardly gainsay the technical skill here, nor the inventive scoring (such as the glacial final pages, with string harmonics behind rattling percussion), although the continuity of the fast movements is rather mechanically maintained; with anything less than the zing of the Leningrad performance, one felt, these might easily pall. (A Russian recording, conducted by the composer's son, on Angel/Melodiya S-40213, lacks the lean brilliance that Rozhdestvensky achieved, but is otherwise stylish and convincing.)

The Russian orchestra was similarly exemplary on such home territory as the Tchaikovsky Fifth Symphony. However, I did not care for Rodion Shchedrin's gimmicky, threadbare ballet music for *Anna Karenina*, and his *Mischievous Chastushki*, played on October 26 by the Juilliard Orchestra under Sixten Ehrling, proved more meretricious still (the latter score is recorded on Angel/Melodiya S-40011). The Russian musical world, where Shostakovich can fruitfully pursue an essentially traditional symphonic aesthetic while avant-gardism emerges in Shchedrin's pop-concert trappings, is evidently as skewed as our own, although in rather different ways.

I don't doubt that the Russians have their own equivalent of the publicity campaign launched here on behalf of Marie-Françoise Bucquet, a French pianist specializing in avant-garde repertory—though surely its benefits are primarily reserved for Russian artists. I had to forgo Miss Bucquet's first concert, but a reliable witness reported memory slips and cover-up improvisation of considerable proportions in the piano works of Schoenberg. Later, her recording of this music came to hand (Philips 6500 510)—no memory lapses here, of course, but performances utterly devoid of shape, primarily because she treats Schoenberg's rhythms and tempos with remarkable irresponsibility, while the general keyboard fluency does not extend to the kind of finger clout required to bring off a major statement such as Opus 11, No. 3.

At her second recital (November 20), Miss Bucquet played all the notes in Webern's Piano Variations—but omitted many of the rests, rather belying her program notes, which quoted Boulez: "Webern's one, unique rhythmic innovation is the conception whereby sound and silence are linked in a precise organization directed toward the exhaustive exploitation of our powers of hearing." I can't vouch for the accuracy with which various aleatory works were rendered, but the odds do not seem good. Considering the number of American

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pianists who can play rings around her in this repertory (e.g., David Burge, Robert Helps, Paul Jacobs, Robert Miller, Ursula Oppens, Charles Rosen, Russell Sherman, Yehudi Wyner—a nonexhaustive list), the attention Miss Bucquet has enjoyed is a depressing commentary on the vulnerability of musical judgment to skillful and persistent promotion. □

EARTH ART

ROY BONGARTZ

Overton, Nev.

There are strange new sights for travelers to see in the desert these days. Made of diggings and trackings in sand and stone, they are known as Earth Art, and the biggest one in the world so far, involving an excavation of 200,000 tons of cliffside on the edge of Mormon Mesa, presides in lonely grandeur out here 80 miles east of Las Vegas.

This reddish-colored mesa, 20 miles long, rises 600 feet above the valley of the Virgin River, where the stream has eaten away concave bluffs and steep slopes, with turrets projecting from between them. Facing the mesa, the Virgin Mountains rise in a jagged line to heights of 8,000 feet. In a pickup truck, I drove up onto the mesa over a narrow, hairpinning, dusty, ramp-like track, and then jounced along for 5 miles, near the cliffside, hunting for the Earth Art piece, the work of a California-based sculptor, Michael Heizer, who calls it "Double Negative."

To come upon the work suddenly—there is no marker or sign to show where it is—is something of a shock. Here, where the edge of the cliff sweeps inward on a long curve, so that one stretch of the mesa wall actually faces another stretch, two vast trenches are dug into the cliffside. One trench is notched into one wall, the other into the opposite wall, so that their empty,

Roy Bongartz, author of *Twelve Chases* on West 99th Street (Houghton Mifflin), and for many years a *Nation* contributor, is completing a book on the small towns of America.

open ends (50 feet deep, 30 feet wide) confront each other, forming an imaginary straight line right across the open space defined by the curving mesa wall. They are tremendous, somehow menacing spaces—one notch boring into the cliffside to a distance of 1,200 feet, its counterpart 400 feet long. Since the end of each trench, at its farthest point into the mesa, is made in the form of a 45-degree slope, it is possible to walk right down into either of the trenches, to walk along the floor of the sculpture in the soft dirt, to eye the featureless, neatly chiseled walls that the bulldozer cut here.

The fill excavated from the notches was simply pushed out the open ends of the trenches to tumble down along the steep walls of the cliffside, finally forming great mounds of spill that reach up to the mouths of the notches. You can walk out onto this mound and peer down into the river below. Then you can peer into first one huge empty notch and then the other, and feel the oblivious silence of the flat mesa above, and the imperviousness of the line of mountains in the distance across the valley. Some of the menacing atmosphere of that inscrutable humming slab in the film *2001* surrounds this place; it appears as if these notches could have been the birthplace of that very slab. Heizer says his "Double Negative" title has a double meaning: there is the idea of the two vacuums facing each other and thus somehow forming a paradoxical positive; its nearness to Las Vegas also reminds him of the zero and the double zero on the roulette wheels. The reason he made the inner ends of the notches so steep was, he says, to keep people from driving cars down inside his sculpture.

It cost Heizer's artistic mentor, Virginia Dwan, \$27,000 to buy the square mile of land required and to pay for the bulldozing. At the time the work was being completed, she still had her Manhattan gallery, and Heizer was one of her rising young stars; since then, three years ago, the Dwan gallery has closed. Some Dwan artists have followed John Weber, former manager of the gallery, to his own new place in SoHo, but Heizer is at the moment still on his own. The question of what any buyer of a Heizer work would actually get for his money is complicated; that is one reason why Virginia Dwan has never sold "Double Negative." Heizer insists, for example, on keeping title to the land right up to the edge of the piece, so that he can legally prevent anybody from spoiling the scene with buildings, parking lots, or anything at all. So if you bought the notches,

you would be buying the empty space, mostly. (With other Heizer works, the buyer must be content with a written description of, say, a hole with a 60-ton rock placed in it, because Heizer refuses to tell the owner exactly where in the Nevada desert it is to be found.)

Of "Double Negative," Heizer says, "This piece is pure size and mass. It's a quantity instead of quality. But still it's the smallest piece I've ever made, in one way, because it is so insignificant in this huge mesa."

Heizer takes a cold view of most buyers of art, and one of his aims is to take art out of galleries, where it serves as a medium of exchange or an object for financial investment. "I want to get rid of the parasites in art. With this thing, you can't trade it or speculate with it the way they do with traditional pieces. I would sell it, yes, but it would still make me sick to my stomach to sell it."

Heizer admits that his breed of sculptor does little of the actual carving with his own hands. "All I have to do is just want the piece, and the machines make it for me. There is a moral problem in just sitting watching tractors working, while maybe smoking and drinking whiskey. But I compare what I do with what these tycoons, with their mines and oil wells, do to the earth on their way to getting power for themselves." Heizer likes the way the piece loses itself in the mesa. "I climbed down to the river once, to look up at the piece from there, and the way the notches blend into the sides of the mesa, you can hardly see them at all. The way I like to see the thing is to drive all along the edge of the mesa, for about an hour, say, just looking out at the scenery, and then just suddenly come upon it, and see it in context that way."

A more sweeping, moonlike view, I thought, might be had by plane, so I drove back down into the small town of Overton, where a high-school teacher will take visitors on flights over the long edge of the mesa, after school is out for the day. We swung out over the valley, and I peered searchingly at the streaky tans and red on the cliffsides until finally I discovered, just below us, the gently falling spills of sandy earth lying soft against the ancient, eroded side of the mesa. We circled back and flew down low over the mesa top, then dipped lower to within only a few feet of the cliff edge—the ride alone was worth the ticket, even if there had been no Earth Art below. Then we floated over the notches, their precision-cut walls and floors shining somehow with a glow of their own, despite the dim light of the ending day. The figures of

two art lovers posed at the edge of one of the notches had a pictorial, imagined quality to them. Although the notches are made from real sand and stone and cliffside, there is nothing ordinary, familiar, or even believable about them. As we made a final pass over the notches I gave a little whoop of sudden, unexpected delight.

When we landed on the airstrip, I walked into town by myself. The desert came all the way up to the drainage ditch flanking the road; the expanses of cactus and sagebrush and tumbleweeds and dry gray twisted bits of tree branches started here and went on forever outward. Beer cans gleamed in the ditch. The schoolteacher pilot drove up behind me, calling out an offer of a ride, but I waved him on. Another Earth artist had told me once that when the world exploded and went up in flames he wanted to be out here in the purity of the desert. But there is no way to keep the desert pure. The beer cans

mocked the simple structural dignity of even the simple drainage ditch. Anyway, this ditch, like the notches of "Double Negative," would eventually be obliterated by time.

In the center of Overton, a wide main street with a row of 1-story storefronts on each side, I talked to a small, cheerful little woman in a general store. She advised me against buying one of the \$4 Western-style hats, because they would "just disappear" in a rainstorm. I settled for a postcard of a jackalope, the famous Western put-on of a jack rabbit with antlers, and asked the woman what she thought of the notches out on the mesa. "Oh, we like it," she said. "It gives us some place to drive to of a Sunday; a lot of people do that. We like it fine." I watched her guileless eyes for a moment to see whether she might only be trying to say what she thought I might want to hear, but she was really proud of those big strange holes out there. □

Books by Nation Contributors

We list below books published in 1973 by writers who have appeared in *The Nation* this year. This compilation is a regular year-end feature.

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RICHARD ARENS. *Insanity Defense.* Philosophical Library. \$12.50.

JAMES ATLAS (co-editor with George Gömöri). *Attila József: Selected Poems & Texts.* Carcanet (England). £2.50.

Ten American Poets (editor). Carcanet (England). £2.25. Paper £1.

MARGARET ATWOOD. *Power Politics.* Harper & Row. \$5.95. Paper \$2.95.

Surfacing. Simon & Schuster. \$6.95.

ISAAC BALBUS. *The Dialectics of Legal Repression: Black Rebels Before the American Criminal Courts.* Russell Sage Foundation. \$11.50.

WILLIS BARNSTONE. *New Faces of China: Poems and Photography.* Indiana University Press. \$8.95.

CEDRIC BELFRAGE. *The American Inquisition.* The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$8.95.

RAOUL BERGER. *Impeachment: Some*

Constitutional Problems. Harvard University Press. \$15.

BARTON J. BERNSTEIN (editor with J. Banner and S. Hackney). *Understanding the American Experience: Recent Interpretations* (2 volumes). Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Paper \$4.95.

ROBERT BLY. *Jumping Out of Bed.* Barre Publishers. \$3.95.

Lorca and Jiménez: Selected Poems. Beacon Press. \$7.95. Paper \$2.95.

Sleepers Joining Hands. Harper & Row. Paper \$2.95.

LENNART BRUCE. *Letter of Credit.* Kayak Press. Paper \$1.50.

E. BRADFORD BURNS. *Latin America: A Concise Interpretive History* (Third Edition). Prentice-Hall. \$4.95.

R. FREEMAN BUTTS. *The Education of the West: A Formative Chapter in the History of Civilization.* McGraw-Hill Book Co. \$10.95.

JOHN CAUGHEY. *To Kill a Child's Spirit: The Tragedy of School Segregation in Los Angeles.* F. E. Peacock Publishers. \$8. Paper \$4.95.

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RONALD RADOSH (editor with Blanche W. Cook and Alice K. Harris). *Past Imperfect: Alternative Essays in American History* (2 volumes). Alfred A. Knopf. Paper \$4.50 each vol.

WILLIAM RANDEL. *American Revolution: Mirror of a People*. Rutledge-Hammond. \$14.95.

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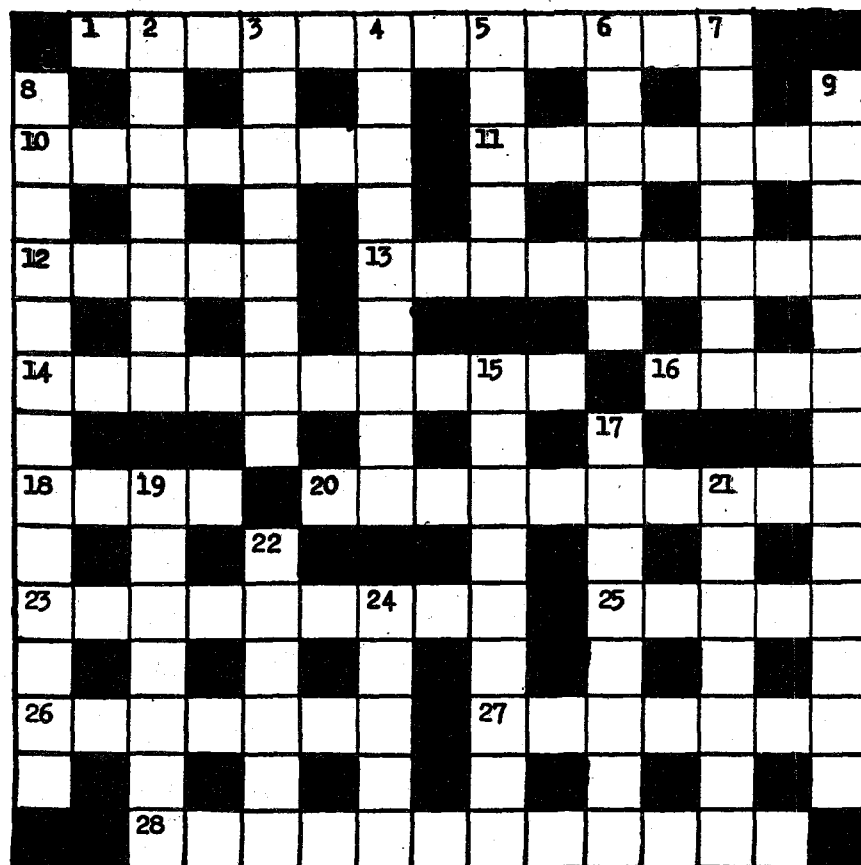
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1517

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 How Shakespeare explained his girlfriend's manner of behavior? (4,8)
- 10 Something about wardrums show how it's impossible to get to the heart of things. (7)
- 11 Without fixed habits? (7)
- 12 Like an obstruction by the net around it, it's smallest. (5)
- 13 There's a celestial spirit in one, as the composer shows. (9)
- 14 The one on which Koko's little bird sat? (6,4)
- 16 One might hold a sort of 18. (4)
- 18 The water-carrier obviously goes on foot. (4)
- 20 Ad-men appear about fair and square, perhaps, but this might take some fixing. (10)
- 23 One might find this race short, but their performance is noted. (9)
- 25 One wears an open-mouthed expression. (5)
- 26 Too much weight? One is likely to put it on. (7)
- 27 Rossini set one in Algiers. (7)
- 28 It doesn't imply one turns on his environment. (4,2,6)

DOWN

- 2 What the Knicks do is a slightly different game. (7)
- 3 Oppressive demand of previous behavior? (8)

- 4 Gave up as a rule? (9)
- 5 Neigh, perhaps? A good opening may depend on it. (5)
- 6 How some shelled out money at one time. (6)
- 7 How some people talk of the way I'd dishonestly acquire it! (7)
- 8 Good drivers invariably do, as a well-known way of Angelinos does. (6,7)
- 9 Unforeseen event to face down—such as seem to frequent happenings. (8-5)
- 15 The one of Henry Adams is not completely autobiographical. (9)
- 17 Certainly not running—just standing. (8)
- 19 Lie down under. (7)
- 21 Not so full of temper, I find. (7)
- 22 The Commander-in-Chief, in short, gets somewhat feverish. (6)
- 24 One of those things that might be held up and down. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1516

ACROSS: 1 and 14 First come, first serve; 6 and 25 Masseuse; 9 Gobbled; 10 Drawers; 11, 4 and 18 The Old Oaken Bucket; 12 Peaked; 13 Chic; 15 Restores; 16 Miasma; 23 Loin; 24 Berths; 28 Impulse; 29 Earning; 30 Nurse; 31 Teakettle. DOWN: 1 Fight; 2 Robbers; 3 Telephones; 5 Eddied; 6 Mean; 7 Seethes; 8 East Coast; 15 Rebellion; 17 Anathema; 19 Clipper; 21 Oculist; 22 and 20 Desert one's post; 27 and 26 Blue Eagle.

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No longer able
To handle things
I become a thing
That's handled

Others
By persuasion
Or force

Decide
My hourly course

The hill
On which I once stood
Dominant

Is still traversed
By mouse and rabbit
And overflying birds

But I — — —

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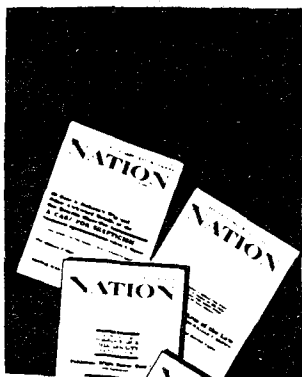
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